

Alena Abbott

WALDECK ABBEY.



WALDECK ABBEY.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE WEIRD SISTERS, BUTLER'S DIARY, &c.

VOL. II.

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WALDECK ABBEY.

CHAP. I.

The different effects of time on age and youth.

AT this period, the Countess de Tourville had a very severe loss, in the death of M. Chamont, who, after two years decay, resigned a life of probity and honour at the advanced age of seventy-eight years—leaving a large fortune to his only son, who had three children, two sons and a daughter. The eldest son was a

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young

young gentleman of fine endowments, and just returned from his travels.—The other son and the daughter were infants.—The death of M. Chamont was very sensibly felt by the Countess, as he was her confidential friend, and in whom she placed the greatest trust, as well in her private affairs, as in the troubles of her mind.—He, from the goodness of his heart, administered consolation in one, and assistance to the other.

On the occasion of the loss of the father, the trust devolved to the son, M. Chamont, who was a very amiable gentleman, and to whom the Countess de Tourville was obliged, from necessity, to transfer her confidence.—He supplied the place of her lamented friend with assiduity and kindness, while the favours she received



ceived from him made it necessary to form a friendly intercourse with Madam Chamont, his amiable lady.

The Countess did receive the visits of the Dutchess de L——, on account of the Duke, who was her other trustee; but Mary Magdalen, being advancing fast towards a woman, it was necessary she should associate with the lively, and not devote her whole life to solitude and wretchedness, with her unhappy mother.

The family, therefore, of the Duke de L——, and M. Chamont, were the persons intrusted with the care of Mary Magdalen's person, in these occasional cheerful excursions;—she was fifteen years old, beautiful in her person, accomplished in her education,

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with

with a refined and lively wit, embellished with a correct understanding.

Thus ushered into notice, she began, at this early age, to attract general observation.—The admiration of the wise, and the toast and idol—of the dissipated and gay, while the Countess de Veraille was frequently of the party, with her fair cousin, unknown to the Countess de Tourville, who never made one in those fashionable pleasures of public entertainment. All she had any pleasure in, was to hear the innocent relation of facts from the lips of Mary Magdalen—to correct her judgment, when wrong in her opinions, and to give her approbation, when she found her instructions had answered her own wishes and intentions.

In these pleasures or recreations of the mind, the young M. Chamont was often of the party. His person was handsome, and his manners engaging; the charms of this rising beauty could not escape his observation; and when Miss de Tourville was to form one in the gay scene, Louis Chamont did not fail to lead her to the carriage, or petition for her hand in the dance.

The Marquis de Arden, the Duke of L——'s eldest son, likewise sighed at sight of Miss de Tourville, and would allow no beauty to come in competition with her superior attractions. The Duke de L—— soon saw the progress Mary Magdalen was making in the heart of the Marquis; and therefore, to screen him from an attachment he did not approve, placed him under the care of a

proper tutor, in the person of an Abbé, and sent him to Italy and Scilly.

The young M. Chamont was not sorry for the absence of the Marquis, as he began already to look with an eye of jealousy on so formidable a rival; but his anxiety or attention was of no avail. Miss de Tourville had been so firmly fixed in her partiality to her own country, and the English manners, which her mother had taken such pains to impress on her mind, as early as her tender years would admit of, that Mary Magdalen therefore beheld, with indifference, the young Marquis de Arden, and Louis Chamont, though her obligation to the father of the young Chamont made her pay him more respect.—She regarded them both as natives of a different country from herself, and viewed them as Frenchmen only.—
But

But if a Nobleman of England chanced to be at any ball, concert, or opera, where the lovely Miss de Tourville was, she eyed him as a being superior to the race, of which she formed a part; and in her imagination, gave him those graces and indowments, to which he had no more pretension (but what her partiality gave him) than those whose accomplishments she did not wish to think deserved any commendation.

The Marquis de Arden being absent on his travels, the young Chamont was her principal attendant.—He danced with her—sat by her at the opera, which was permitted to prevent gay pretenders from intruding; and the Countess de Veraille, who was of the parties, secretly wished, in her mind, for an alliance so reputable, and so much to be desired.

She had, in a great measure, relinquished her charms, or rather, we will say, her charms had forsaken her; and for a lady, who had for such a number of years trod the gay circle of pleasure and admiration, will do her the justice to say, that she was sensible of their diminution, and resigned, with great fortitude and temper, her place in the gay circles to the fair and beautiful Mary Magdalen de Tourville.

The Countess was exceedingly fond of her, as she had formerly been of her mother, Magdalena; and in those days, when Lady Veraille made one amidst the gay, Lord Arnold was a Nobleman her Ladyship wished particularly to be noticed by. She therefore could not fail of loving, with a degree of true affection, the child of two such amiable people, who were both
once

once so dear to her : At the same time checking in her mind any thoughts that might arise to the prejudice of Lord Arnold, respecting the cause of the total exclusion of her amiable mother from the pleasures of society, and to live, as she now did, unnoticed, and in a continual scene of regret, disappointment, and trouble.

C H A P. II.

Consolatory advice—of no effect when afflictions
reach the heart.

THE conflicts of passions in the human breast, as joy and sorrow, pain and ease, anger and benevolence, hatred and good will, pride and humility, with a train of others, become habitual by long continuance—Even captivity loses the severity of reflection, when we are inured to it:—
And

And I have heard of a person who desired to return to his cell and darkness, on regaining his liberty, after a long confinement, as the light did not restore to him those friends he left, when compelled to forsake the world and them.

Thus the Countess de Tourville had habituated herself to solitude ; and in solitude only did she find comfort. Even the praises of her lovely daughter did not give her a wish to participate in those public praises and commendations. Her delight only was in private resources, secluded from all the world—then could she return back to those days of happiness once known ; then could she recall the happy hours once enjoyed with her now devoted Lord—no more to be enjoyed.—This was deemed a pleasure, and the only one she knew.—The tem-

ple recurred to her imagination, to be again regretted; and Lord Arnold was, in these secluded private self examinations, brought to view; and his endearing amiable conversation, with his once beloved Magdalena, courted still her memory.

Thus habitual sorrows, by time and reflection, will admit of alleviation, and we can behold past afflictions with resignation, as a lengthening *vista* that terminates only with the weakened sight, which we can no farther extend, but present griefs do load the sense and sight; nor can we imagine how they will be dispelled.—“ Yet day succeeds to night, and sorrow has soon a dawn of ease,” to fortify the mind for the future embryos of calamity.

Magdalena had the greatest sorrowing trials yet to endure. Lord Lavent is now *no more*.—Her George Augustus,

gustus, whose *name* alone cheered the desponding gloom of her solitary life, is *dead*. A letter to the Duke de L——— was commissioned to tell the dreadful event to the most unfortunate of women, and make her wretched beyond hope of redress.— The Duke de L——— and his lady visited the Countess together, a favour they had never granted before : But no fears in her breast anticipated the cause, to allay the poignancy of unutterable anguish, which must succeed to so severe an affliction. The Duke de L——— first informed the Countess, that he had a message of sorrow from England ; and on her expressing impatience from what cause, his Grace gave her the letter, which came from Lord R——— ; but a few lines were sufficient ; Magdalena fell senseless on the floor, and for three days and nights remained in a total state of insensibility ;

lity; nor could all the aid of physic avail to her relief.

During that time, while the beautiful Mary Magdalen was incessantly calling on her mother, and lamenting the parent she had lost, though never known, at least not remembered by her, the efforts of nature came to the assistance of art, and endeavoured to recall the scattered remains of recollection and sense to increase her woes, but successive faintings followed each other, while her child, kneeling by her, entreated her compassion, to live for her sake, who would be a wretched orphan without her.—“To whose bosom shall I fly to for succour, if you, my dear mother, forsake me;—where can your poor Mary seek protection, if she, who has protected me from infancy, should now leave me.——Raise your drooping eyes

eyes on your child, and for my father's sake, live for me." Magdalena, at the call, raised her drooping eyes; but on beholding Mary Magdalen, the representation of him whose loss she now deplored, closed them again in agonies unutterable.

Vain were her efforts to struggle with accumulated distress, when the information was given her, that Lord Lavent died of a putrid fever, after fourteen days illness; and that, during the first week, while his senses were perfect, he made his will—but dying without issue, the estate and title went to a very distant branch of the family.—His personal fortune, which was large, he had given to a very intimate friend (Lord Penrith), except a handsome legacy to Lady Lavent, with whom he had lived
eleven

eleven years, in all the happiness of connubial felicity.

The death of Lord Lavent, who died in the prime of life, was a heavy affliction to his lady, and she remained inconsolable, as were all the family—his mother having scarcely recovered the death of her Lord, when this additional misfortune befel her. But what increased the Countess de Tourville's sorrows, and greatly heightened what could scarce receive increase, was, that after he was dead, her picture was found tied round his right arm, with a black ribbon, and which he ordered might be buried with him.

His Lordship was interred with great funeral pomp at Waldeck Abbey, Worcestershire, in the family vault, and near the remains of his late father;
but

but among the sorrowing friends he left behind to mourn his loss, Magdalena was not the least of the unhappy and unfortunate many.—The circumstance of the picture convinced her, she was never forgot by him—that she still held a share of his heart, for whom only it was her desire to live. Incessantly did she call on his name, and kissing the only tie of love, his Mary Magdalen prayed that all those virtues he once possessed, might revert to her, his only child.

After a few weeks had passed, the Countess de Tourville was visited by Lord Penrith, whom she knew when in England.—His Lordship came to France at the dying request of Lord Lavent, to inform her, that the personal estate he had left him was in trust for Mary Magdalen de Tourville, his daughter,

daughter, and to the Countess her mother, during her life. The fortune was very large; and the additional estate, which fell, on the death of the Count de Tourville, and what the late Lord Lavent her grand-father had given in his life time, added to Mary Magdalen's great beauty and attraction, the addition of a very large fortune.

But these acquisitions only increased the Countess's troubles. She grieved incessantly; and with such unabating sorrow, that every apprehension was to be feared, if some means of alleviation were not soon found to lessen griefs so acute and piercing. It was not now in the power of Mary Magdalen to afford her mother any comfort. Her looks were those of him, who was hid from her sight for ever; and as in days past,
she

she would call her, to drive from her mind reflections that would intrude themselves, was she now forced to quit the presence of her beloved mother, as her appearance aggravated the ideas of her wretched state, in the loss of him she could not recall.

CHAP.

C H A P. III.

The death of Magdalena, Countess de Tourville.

“WHILE the vital parts remain uninjured, nature will find the means of reparation,” says *Imlaes*; but troubles accumulated reach the seat of life, and touch the heart.—The Countess de Tourville could not revive from the stupor of lethargic sorrows. She mused in silence over her

her scenes of woe, and courted peace in death, and the all powerful grave : In the grave and death, she should again be united to her Lord ; and notwithstanding the tears of her beloved child, or the sympathizing consolations of the Duke de L——, or M. Chamont, she still remained unmoved, and void of comfort. To rouse her, if possible, M. Chamont proposed to her a tour to Nanci, in Loraine :— For Mademoiselle Maria Adelaide, her sister, having lately died in the convent in which she had been immured, from the age of fifteen, he wished the Countess to purchase the moiety of the family estate, which the convent had enjoyed since the death of the late Count de Tourville, in right of Maria Adelaide, a nun of their order ; but as she was now dead, the Countess had wished to recover the inheritance of her ancestors, that she might leave it to her daughter,

daughter, being herself the only remaining branch of the family of de Tourvilles.—The title becoming extinct in her, as Mary Magdalen could not inherit it, from the illegitimacy of her birth, a negociation had been begun between the heads of the convent and M. Chamont, respecting the sale, as they were willing either to purchase the other moiety, or sell that they already had, when the death of Lord Lavent had protracted the business.

M. Chamont, therefore, at this period, revived it; and the Countess (whose family pride we have had occasion before to remark) could not suffer the remainder of the Tourville estate to go towards the support of luxury in the sacrilegious vestments of priesthood, or the imprisonment of *innocence* and *beauty*, as in her sister;—to both which she had ever expressed

an aversion. The Countess therefore wished to purchase the forfeited half; the correspondence with M. Chamont was again renewed; and they thought the journey might be the means of restoring her to her accustomed health; but it would not do.—The Countess was preparing for another journey, of longer continuance; and having made her will, leaving the Duke de L—— and M. Chamont guardians to her daughter, 'till she was of age, with commission to make the intended purchase of the family inheritance, resigned herself to her fate with patience and resignation, waiting her release from a life of sorrow and regret—while her hours of delay from the peace she wished, were disturbed by the flowing tears of her lovely daughter, who entreated her to stay; but the trial was past; and while on a dying bed, with a heart breaking in anguish,
her

her charge was to her, to return to England when she was of age, and there live.

The Countess continued to droop for a fortnight after she took to her bed, when she resigned her life in the arms of her daughter, and sunk to a grave of peace and silence, having scarcely survived the death of Lord Lavent; but let us suppress our sorrow; to sorrow for the sorrowing, becomes us not; the grave is a refuge for distress—a release from pain—and a peaceful habitation of content for the indigent and unprotected.—Strive to imitate her virtues; for in her example we see the prevalence of a virtuous education, however in the unguarded hours of youth, may sometimes be led to err. We will therefore resign, with fortitude (what we cannot prevent) the amiable and
lovely

lovely Magdalena, Countess de Tourville, the last remaining branch of that illustrious house, to the silent mansions of undisturbed repose, in the *vaulted sepulchre!!!*—and pursue, or rather begin, our intended history of Mary Magdalen de Tourville, without any preface but herself; begging my readers to treat her with as much candour, tenderness, and affection, as I am sure they must have already done, her truly amiable mother, from whom she inherited all her virtues, as well as those outward embellishments of persons, which were so conspicuously attractive in the amiable Magdalena.

C H A P. IV.

The History of Mary Magdalen de Tourville.

THAT the Countess de Tourville died of grief, for the death of Lord Lavent, no one will deny, who wishes to lay any claim to the smallest share of sensibility or compassion.— She was interred, at her own request, in a vault of the cloisters, of the Abbey St. Germain; Mary Magdalen remained

remained inconsolable for the irreparable loss of the best and tenderest of mothers, and faithful monitor to every future action of her life.— Mary Magdalen de Tourville was now seventeen years of age, a period at which we promised to introduce her to the world. In her person she was tall, and elegantly made; fair complexion, with dark eyes and hair of the true auburn colour.—Her eyes and hair, and particular force and energy of expression, she inherited from her father: But in her temper and deportment, the grace and sweetness of her mother. Her understanding was clear and quick, with a lively wit and vivacity, tempered with great propriety of conduct. Her education had been attended to by her mother with peculiar care and circumspection; and the high notions of her origin gave such a grace to her carriage and behaviour,

haviour, as commanded respect, as well as admiration from all who beheld her; and the dejection of spirit, with the oppression of mind occasioned by the death of the Countess, aided by the solemnity of her sable habits, added a dignity to her appearance, and raised compassion, as well as love, from all, who visited the deserted abode of the late Countess de Tourville. Among the number who waited to condole with our *fair ward*, was the Countess de Veraille; and she earnestly wished that Mary Magdalen would leave her present desolate home, and reside with her. But Miss de Tourville remembered the situation of her lost mother, while she resided with the Countess, and therefore did not chuse to tread those wayward steps. The Duke de L——, now Miss de Tourville's fortune became large, had overcome his former objections respecting

respecting her being Marchioness de Arden, and wished her to come and be an inmate at the palace de L——; but Mary Magdalen had no wishes which centered in the Marquis de Arden, and therefore she did not approve of the palace de L——— for her future habitation. The Marquis de Arden was a Frenchman.—M. Chamont, likewise, had similar wishes, as well for the society of his amiable *ward*, as the desire he had that his son might be the favoured object of her future regard; but on the son's account only did she reject their invitation.—Miss de Tourville had a very respectful regard for M. Chamont and his amiable lady, and would have preferred them to either of the others for her associated friends and companions; but she well knew the motive on which they founded their wishes, and therefore declined it: And indeed her

whole mind was so fixed in the idea of returning to England as soon as she possibly could ; that she did not wish to make any settled habitation ; for the impediment being removed by the unfortunate and premature death of Lord Lavent, her father, and the Countess de Tourville, her mother, she could now visit her native country when she pleased, which, had her mother been living, would have made her liable to the forfeiture of her fortune ; the late Lord Lavent, her grandfather, having made that prohibition the condition on which they held the possession of the ten thousand pounds ; but these obstacles were all unhappily removed, by events very unfortunate to her, and she remained in a gloomy state of despondency, irresolute what to do, or whose counsel she could best approve, when young Chamont returned to his father's house, after an absence

absence of one year, which he had spent at Rome, where he had been with two friends during that time.

This gentleman had returned to Paris at the request of his father, to celebrate the day which gave him so amiable and good a son, as well as the day on which he had attained the age of twenty-one years. Louis Chamont was truly deserving commendation for every ornamental accomplishment, either personal or intellectual; but most for his probity and honour, Mary Magdalen could have loved Louis Chamont, had she dared to love a Frenchman, or had he been a native of her own country; but these were quite sufficient to make her behold him with indifference, while the improvements which one year had made in the charms of Miss de Tourville, inspired his youthful heart with love, in-

creased by the long absence; and he sighed for the possession of a blessing, of which he doubted whether he should ever attain the enjoyment, for her partiality to her country was well known to all.

The Marquis de Arden, as we have before noticed, was sent by his father to travel, and avoid the danger of Miss de Tourville's attractions, was now commanded home, to meet what he was before ordered to shun; but the Marquis had made other use of his hours of absence than improvement; and as he had been ordered to forget Mary Magdalen, while under her supposed inferiority of fortune, so he took the most effectual way to obey the injunction, by running into all manner of excesses, assisted by the Reverend Abbé, who was young, and
gay

gay as himself.—In Italy he wanted not for resources to gratify his passions of gaming, drinking, or other vices, and he had in reality forgot Miss de Tourville; therefore, when his Grace sent for him home, he delayed his return, by throwing every impediment in the way to protract his stay in that dissipated country.

But Louis Chamont had made a proper use of his absence to gain knowledge; therefore his love increased each day he saw the beautiful mourner; and it therefore became necessary for his future peace, that he should obtain a certainty, and not be tortured by a state of suspense, the most uneasy state in nature; but the continual grief of Mary Magdalen made it impossible to attempt gaining her affections, while they seemed all to be

absorbed in the graves of her lamented parents and dearest of friends, whom she was incessantly deploring.

M. Chamont therefore proposed, as a relief to her mind, to take the journey which was intended for the Countess, to Nanci in Lorraine, and purchase the moiety of her ancestors inheritance from the monastery, where her aunt Mademoiselle Maria Adeliade died.—Mary Magdalen assented, as she always wished to visit every place where any of her noble relatives had ever resided, to make it as agreeable to her as possible, M. Chamont and his lady, with the Countess de Veraille, were to accompany her. Louis Chamont, for political reasons, was to remain at home for some time, and then to follow, as they intended to continue there some months.—Indeed

Mary

Mary Magdalen's secret wish was to travel still further, and go to Berne in Switzerland, where her mother first learnt the English tongue, and where she should be blest with the society of a family of her own nation, as the remaining branches of the same family still resided there, and she pleased herself in the idea of the hospitable welcome she should receive, as hospitality was the characteristic of the English, her mother used to say; but these wishes and intentions she did not yet discover: They lay concealed in her own bosom, 'till time gave her an opportunity to reveal them; and now they prepared for their journey with alacrity and speed, the season of the year being fine, for the purpose of travelling—and the Countess de Tourville, the lovely and amiable Magdalena, having been at peace for

the three past months, we will commence travellers with her daughter—hoping, as my readers do, that her journey through life will not be so short, nor yet so unfortunate, as her lamented mother's.

CHAP.

C H A P. V.

A journey to Nanci, in Lorraine.

MISS de TOURVILLE having, from her earliest infancy, been used to scenes of distress and sorrow, from the continual regret of her mother; and though not the principle, could not fail of participating in the grief of her who was so dear to her; it consequently gave her an habitual speculative

speculative turn of thought, to objects, whether animate or inanimate, that created reflection in her mind, either juvenile or solitary, as the subject required; we may therefore naturally imagine, travelling must give a large field to an indulged fancy;—the intention was soon put in execution; and Mary Magdalen, with the Countess Veraille, M. Chamont, and his lady, set out for Nanci, in Loraine, the birth-place of her mother. The picture of her father had become an inmate in her lovely bosom, since the dying charge of her mother had deposited it there.—Often did she reflect, with sighs, on the features of him who gave her life.—The portraits likewise of her grand-father and Lady Lavent, with those of Lady Catherine R—— and Lady Anne Woodward, her aunts, were companions with Mary Magdalen on her journey.—Lady Anne, her aunt,

aunt, she knew, and wished again to see, as well as the author of all her sorrow, Capt. Woodward.

The first day's travelling brought them to Chalons, on the borders of Lorraine, where they purposed to stay two days, to view the curiosities of a place once famous in the records of ancient Roman bravery. The remains of a large amphitheatre, supposed to be built by Severus, is still worthy the observation of the speculative. M. Chamont was particularly curious in his researches; and observing Miss de Tourville's attention to novelty, gave her all the information he himself could gain; but the only satisfaction it could, or did afford, to a mind so young as her's, was to reflect on the uncertainty of all, in the valiant and the wise—in the amiable and good,

good, as those she had so recently been deprived of.

Thus this amphitheatre, which had been built about or near two thousand years ago, served her for a resource in her present misfortunes, in the reflection on the uncertainty of all that had past, even before she had herself made one in the number of human beings; but M. Chamont corrected her judgment in this observation, by noticing to Miss de Tourville, that the valour and virtue of the ancient Romans were to be our pattern, and not our regret: Those that were gone merited not our unseasonable tears, but that we should reserve them for the present miseries of our fellow travellers through life, which was at this moment particularly verified by a priest entering the room, where they were at dinner, and after asking charity
for

for the convent, begged their compassion for an indigent sick *Angloise* (or English gentleman), who lay very ill in the goal in that place.—Mary Magdalen hesitated at the donation to the monastery, and gave very sparingly;—but the distresses of a native of England roused all her compassion instantly, and she begged M. Chamont to inquire into the situation of this foreigner, that she might afford him assistance. M. Chamont was humane, and said he would go and see this distressed stranger, on which Miss de Tourville wished to accompany him, if not improper.—“But how can it be improper, Monsieur,” said she, “to visit the afflicted. All places are open to assist the wretched: I never was in a goal; let us see the sorrows we only know by name; sympathy lessens griefs.—Will you accompany me, Madam, to the Countess

Countess Veraille, who assented reluctantly, as her heart, we have had occasion to remark before, did not like to be burdened with others miseries, and she had none of her own; but she assented to Mary Magdalen's request (to whom she never denied any thing). The lady of M. Chamont joined in the wish at first; and having finished their dinner, prepared to visit this desolate inhabitant of the goal at Chalons; but whatever were Mary Magdalen's ideas of a goal, in her speculations on human misfortunes, they fell infinitely short of the scene which presented itself to their view.—The starving, the naked children, wives, some despicable, and others truly deserving commiseration, that her purse was quite exhausted, before they reached the apartment of him they came purposely to relieve: And, on her applying to M. Chamont for more, he checked

checked her liberality by a cautious hint, at the worth of the objects, and that more real occasions of compassion might offer, than those now before her—but that she thought impossible, or that there had ever been such, as she had now seen.

M. Chamont had previously sent to the sick gentleman notice, that himself, with three ladies, who were travelling to Nanci, had been applied to for relief for him, and that they would pay him a visit; he was therefore ready to receive them, when they entered the apartment, and was sitting in an easy chair, supported by a young English gentleman, who had visited him on the same occasion. The gentleman, who was the prisoner, appeared, and indeed was, a very elegant figure, about thirty years of age, and had been confined three months for a debt.

he

he had contracted, and which confinement had occasioned a wound in his hip to break out a fresh, and made him very ill and lame.

The young gentleman who was with him appeared to be about three and twenty, elegant in his appearance and manners; was on his return to England from his travels, but had been detained at Chalons by tenderness to this unfortunate unknown man, Mr. Latham, the unhappy gentleman we have now before us.

After M. Chamont had some conversation with Mr. Latham relative to his situation, they made him a handsome present, and left him, with a promise to see him again the next day.—Mr. Horton likewise took his leave at the same time, and accompanied M. Chamont and the ladies to the hotel
where

where they lodged, and indeed where he resided himself. Mr. Horton was a gentleman of insinuating address;—and however partial Mary Magdalen might be to him, and the unfortunate prisoner, Mr. Latham, because they were Englishmen, we must do justice to her virtues by saying, her partiality proceeded now from two different causes; in compassion to Mr. Latham's misfortunes in one, and in admiration at the solicitous anxiety of the other to relieve these distresses; a virtue she thought so conspicuous in Mr. Horton, that none but a native of her own country could have ever enjoyed or promoted.

When they returned to the hotel, M. Chamont, at Miss de Tourville's request, had a conversation with Mr. Horton relative to the release of Mr. Latham, which she was determined
should

should be effected before they left Châlons ; and Mr. Horton having joined the wish, it was settled, that the next day he should be taken from thence, and brought to the hotel, to be under a surgeon for a cure of his lameness, and to recover his health, all of which was executed by M. Chamont and Mr. Horton, who brought Mr. Latham from the goal, and made him one in their party, 'till they set out for Nanci, which they did not do 'till two days after his release, when, having supplied him with a sum of money to convey him to England, where he said he was going, took their leave of him and Mr. Horton, who was going to Paris, and pursued their journey to Nanci—Mary Magdalen more pleased in her mind at the power her fortune had given her to relieve the distresses of Mr. Latham and others, than all
she

she had seen, either ancient or modern ; and the prepossession she had formed in favour of Mr. Horton, from his humanity, made her, when she retired to rest, take the picture of her father from her bosom :—And as congenial minds have but one soul, so Mary Magdalen traced in the features of her father, Mr. Horton.—His eyes were like her father's ; but as it was probable she should never see him again, the picture of her father should represent them both, and he should be a partner in her bosom with that of her honoured parent.

Whether Mr. Horton felt any unusual pleasing sensations, on being permitted to lodge as an inmate with her amiable father in the lovely and peaceful bosom of Mary Magdalen, we cannot at present tell, as he was to go

for Paris when Miss de Tourville and her party set out from Chalons for Nanci, at which place they arrived in safety, and proceeded directly for the habitation of the late Count de Tourville (now her own), which was inhabited by the Marquis de Avaina, a Nobleman who had resided there from the death of her uncle.

Mary Magdalen was now under the roof, where her mother first drew her breath—where her illustrious ancestors the de Tourvilles lived. She viewed, with reverence, the footsteps they had all trod before her, and wept, with tears of unaffected regret, at the noble monument which was erected to their memories in the Collegiate church of Nanci, and dedicated to their virtues. The business for which they came to Nanci having been settled, there remained only to sign the reconveyance
of

of the family inheritance, and Miss de Tourville was put in possession of the whole of the fortune which the family had ever possessed since the sequestration of it, at the time her great great grand-father fell a victim to party rage and religious disputation. When this was settled, Mary Magdalen had a handsome monument erected to the memory of Maria Adelade, her aunt, in the cloisters of the convent, where she died, as she could not have her removed to the family vault, having died a nun. These matters being settled, Miss de Tourville made M. Chamont acquainted with her wish to visit Berne, in Switzerland, which was agreeable to all the party—and they prepared to set out, having sent Mrs. Margrett, and Lady Veraille's, with Madam Chamont's servant, before, in the diligence, for that place. But how much were they sur-

prised, when the evening previous to their departure, on a gentleman's desiring to be introduced to M. Chamont, Mr. Horton should make his appearance at the Marquis de Avaine's. The fine eyes of Mary Magdalen sparkled with delight and surprise at a sight so unexpected.—M. Chamont was pleased at seeing so amiable a friend again, as was the Countess Veraille and Madam Chamont—and that was sufficient excuse for what he deemed an intrusion; but as he saw their servants at the hotel where he had just arrived, he could not leave the place without paying his respect to those he so much admired and esteemed. Mr. Horton staid the remainder of the evening at the Marquis de Avaine's, and then took his leave, as M. Chamont and his party were to set out on their journey to Berne the next morning early. Mary Magda-

len was delighted she had seen him again, and had resort to the picture of her father, when alone, to see if she could trace any other feature that bore a resemblance to him.—He however still continued to hold his station in her bosom; and the next morning, after a night of undisturbed repose, Mary Magdalen arose with pleasure, to continue her journey to Berne, in Switzerland; and having taken a respectful leave of the Marquis Avaine, proceeded to the carriage, where Mr. Horton stood, to hand them into the coach; and directly after throwing himself into his post-chaise, drove away full speed a direct contrary road to that which our Heroine and her good friends had taken.

C H A P. VI.

TO BERNE, IN SWITZERLAND.

THE unexpected visit of Mr. Horton at Nanci, and his hasty departure, caused much speculation in the minds of the ladies ; but M. Chamont saw through the thin disguise of his heart, and that it was Miss de Tourville who had compelled him to take the route to Lorraine, and not
to

to Paris.—He likewise saw with how much reluctance he left her in the morning; but the welfare of Louis Chamont, his son, was his first and natural wish; and as he knew all his happiness depended on the possession of the charming Mary Magdalen, we may suppose he was glad at the departure of Mr. Horton, without any further declaration from him to raise a perturbation in her breast unfavourable to his son's happiness.

Mr. Horton was a gentleman of fortune, a desirable man in every respect:—And more than all, he was in Miss de Tourville's eyes a being of a superior race from other mortals;—for he was an Englishman, and that M. Chamont knew would avail him much in her favour, were he not, in all other respects, a desirable lover and friend. Madam

Chamont was acquainted with her husband's suspicions respecting Mr. Horton's visit to Nanci, but the Countess Veraille was not, and therefore kept musing all the journey to Berne at the cause of his sudden return; and when she expressed herself in wonder to Mary Magdalen, a fine suffusion would veil her lovely countenance, expressive to M. Chamont, who feared the cause; but the Countess imputed the blush (if it caught her observation) to the timidity of a young mind, or the natural glow of health and vivacity.

Our travellers continued their journey to Berne, without any occurrence of moment, 'till they came within a few miles of that place, when they were stopped by a banditti of pillagers, who infest the mountains of that country; but their loss was very inconsiderable,

considerable, as they had disposed of a large portion of their travelling money at Nanci to the indigent; and Mary Magdalen was happy her property was so well conveyed, as to assist the unfortunate Mr. Latham and his unhappy associates in a prison. When they arrived at Berne, the Countess Veraille introduced Miss de Tourville to the knowledge of Sir Thomas Hussy, as the acknowledged daughter of the Countess de Tourville, once the admired Magdalena, who was an inmate at his house for two years.—Sir Thomas received her with great affection as the daughter of his fair friend, and the grand-child of the Count de Tourville, whom he much valued.—But Sir Thomas was rather surprised at her assuming her mother's name—yet forbore to ask, 'till an opportunity offered for the Countess Veraille to inform him, which she did not fail to

do the moment they were alone together, with every circumstance that had come to her knowledge; and they were pretty authentic, from the intelligent mouth of Mrs. Margrett, who was well informed of every event.

The Countess had known Sir Thomas Hufsey from the time the lovely mother of our ward was resident at his house.—Sir Thomas had one son, a minor, and a daughter, Miss Lavinia Huffy, who was about twenty-one years of age; disagreeable in her person, but sensible, affable, and polite. Miss de Tourville was delighted with so young a companion in her rambles round the romantic environs of Berne, whose cloud topt mountains, tremulous, and horrid falls of water, succeeded by pleasing cascades, amidst almost inaccessible rocks, forms one of the most tremendous
scenes

scenes in nature.—Here Miss de Tourville indulged her speculation, and would walk for hours with Miss Hufsey, in these mazes of wonderful formation, and indulge reveries not unfavourable to love, nor to the ideas she might have respecting Mr. Horton.—But however unsuspicious her heart might be to him who bore so striking a likeness to her still regretted father, a latent passion lay hid in embryo, which only wanted fire to set it into a flame, and which was too soon discovered in the jealousy of Miss Hufsey, who was destitute of those charms she herself possessed in so eminent a degree:—But one of the amiable traits which Miss de Tourville inherited from her mother, was an insensibility of her own power, or the fascinating beauty of her person; therefore, in Miss Hufsey, she suspec-

ted a formidable rival, and that she had to combat in her, charms equal to her own; but not so in the heart of Mr. Horton, we may naturally suppose, and have reason to believe, from his past conduct: But the cause of Miss de Tourville's jealousy will appear rather credible, from the circumstance. The house where Sir Thomas resided was very extensive, and more than his family could occupy; he therefore let out a large part to gentlemen who frequently visited those parts; and Mr. Horton, from whom our travellers so lately parted, had at that time but just quitted Berne, and the house of Sir Thomas Hufsey, to pursue his journey to England.

Mr. Horton had been at Sir Thomas's above a month, and there being no other lady than Miss Hufsey, who presided as mistress, we may naturally

turally suppose a young gentleman might pay her some attention, without wishing to invade her future repose ;—but Mr. Horton was mistaken in his intention, and the charms of his conversation proved to Miss Hufsey the insufficiency of her fortitude to withstand the power of his persuasive eloquence ; that when he left the house, he carried with him the most valuable acquisition belonging to that young lady, and left her to search among those rocks for a lost *heart*.

Intimacy begets generally confidence, and the burdened mind finds refuge in friendship.—Miss Hufsey informed Mary Magdalen of her attachment to Mr. Horton, and, by her description, she soon knew it was the same attractive man she last parted from at the Marquis Avaina's.—As love de-

lights in solitude, Miss Hufsey fought, in these stupendous rocks, for privacy and retirement—She was sure of no interruption, but from the curious; “I love these romantic scenes, Miss de Tourville,” she would say.—Jealousy, in the bosom of Mary Magdalen, would reply—“Did Mr. Horton walk with you here?”—“No,” said Miss Hufsey; “but he loved these wonderful views, and therefore I do.” Miss de Tourville was secretly hurt at a competitor for the heart of Mr. Horton, but knew not why; nor would she probably have thought it half so valuable an acquisition, had there not been a competitor for the prize: Therefore, when she examined her heart the evening after this discovery, she endeavoured to dismiss Mr. Horton from the half interest he possessed there, but a certain intelligent monitor would not let him forsake the happy abode,

abode, and both our fair friends sighed from the same cause, and the same occasion.—Mary Magdalen had been early taught not to be too communicative; she therefore only mentioned Mr. Horton as an accidental acquaintance; but the secret emotions of her own heart, on his account, she had early taught that heart to keep to itself; and she had the aggravated mortification to hear Miss Hufley praise and commend that man, whose praises and commendations she thought ought only to come from herself.

But we have a secret to communicate to our readers respecting Mr. Horton, which we have long wished to tell; and having mentioned the circumstance of not being *too communicative*, makes us desire to tell it here.—During Mr. Horton's stay with M. Chamont

Chamont and the ladies at Chalons, Mrs. Margrett got acquainted with Mr. Horton's valet, who, observing his master very uneasy when he left their company one evening, concluded he certainly had conceived a tender passion; and there being no other young lady than Miss de Tourville in the party, and she so very beautiful, his inference was, that no other could be the person, of which he informed Mrs. Margrett as a certainty; but she knowing the wishes of M. Chamont for his son, and Mary Magdalen's respectful attention of behaviour to him, on his father's account, readily affirmed to the servant, that Miss de Tourville was absolutely engaged to Louis Chamont; and to corroborate her own testimony, said they were to be married on their return to Paris.

The

The valet, alarmed at this intelligence, so detrimental to his master's peace, informed him of it, on attending him to bed, the evening before they left Chalons. Mr. Horton, irresolute what to do, followed them to Nanci to hear it from her own lips, but had neither courage or opportunity to do so, and therefore left them in the hurry and confusion we have before described, after handing Mary Magdalen into the carriage, when they left Nanci.—We are now acquainted with more than Miss de Tourville knows, respecting the situation of Mr. Horton's heart, and the power of her charms over his sensibility; we will therefore pursue our narrative in another chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P. VII.

A surprising incident, which nothing but the romantic scenes round Berne could have fabricated.

A MONTH had passed at Berne.—
The Countess Veraille, with M. Chamont and his lady, enjoyed true hospitable friendship, with Sir Thomas Hufsey, while the daughter, and her lovely friends, walked their solitary rambles, amidst the gloom of rocks, whose tow'ring tops hung suspended
over

over their heads, threatening destruction with their fall. Sometimes they mused, and at other, were communicative, walking on unheedful of their steps, when their silence was interrupted by the appearance of a gentleman at a distance, who seemed to be bending his steps that way : They stopped ; but on his nearer approach, discovered, by his dress, that he was a Priest, or an Abbé of some order of Roman Catholics ; under this guise of sanctity, their fears were removed, and they walked to meet the stranger, without apprehension, pleased with the seeming protection of holiness, and the promised enjoyments of instructive knowledge from the lips of learning and piety.—When the Abbé (for he was an Abbé) approached, he accosted his fair companions with the parental appellation of daughters, and expressed his applause at meeting so much beauty
amidst

amidst the most distorted works of nature :—" But," said the good man, " extremes are as foils to each other ; and when I view these confused masses of matter (pointing to the rocks and precipices) that surround us, and then turn to the lovely objects now before me (bowing), I must, with wonder, behold the one, as my admiration is raised with delight at the beauty of the other."

Mary Magdalen was charmed with the compliment, as she could not doubt the truth, though she felt all the force of it from such *hallowed* lips ; and now only, for the first time, did she believe her charms had any power, as they could draw a compliment from reverend age, and the profound sanctity of an hermit (for such they esteemed him to be). The pious friend continued his conversation with his two unsuspecting companions,

companions, observing every view, and gazing up at every rock, 'till he had insensibly led them to a considerable distance from Berne; and his conversation was so engaging and inviting, that he would have led them much farther, had not the setting of the sun, with the gloom of the place, made Mary Magdalen apply to her watch for information, and was surprised to find how fast and imperceptibly time had flew away, during the entertaining hours they had past with this reverend Friend: They therefore hastened back to Berne with the utmost speed, the Abbé guarding them to the outskirts of the town, when he left them, as he said, to continue his contemplations, but not before they had promised him to walk again the next night, and meet him there; this they readily assented to, pleased with such a protector, and previously agreed, before they arrived

rived at Sir Thomas Hufsey's, to keep their adventure with the holy father a profound secret.

When they arrived at their home, the company had been so much engaged at cards, that they had no solicitude on their accounts; and it is probable they might have staid with their good instructor much longer, and not been missed, so fascinating are the recreations of pleasure, to draw the mind from the proper bent of its pursuits.— They were only coolly asked by Lady Veraille, whether they had had a pleasant walk, and the cards were continued as usual.

On retiring to rest, the young ladies were more gay and cheerful in their conversation than common, which made Mrs. Margrett observe to her lady, that the *most* sad scenes made her
more

more gay.—I could not endure, Madam, to walk among those high rocks, unless with a lover. Mary Magdalen smiled at her maid's impertinence, and said, "perhaps she had."—"Ah! no, Madam," returned the impertinent nurse, "that happy gentleman is many miles from here—but I hope we shall see him soon." Mary Magdalen coloured, and bid her to leave her; observing afterwards to Miss Hussy, that Mrs. Margrett's freedom of speech proceeded from her having been her nurse, and, at the express desire of the Countess de Tourville, she would not part from her: For notwithstanding her foibles, she had been a faithful servant during all the scenes of trouble she had endured.—Added to all this, she was fond of Mary Magdalen to excess, having brought her up from the hour of her birth. Mrs. Margrett did not depart before this blush on the checks

cheeks of the lovely Miss de Tourville became visible, and that now confirmed her suspicions respecting Louis Chamont, though the blush proceeded from a very different cause; but not suspecting what Mrs. Margrett meant, concluded that she hinted at Mr. Horton, and could not conceive what motive she could have for thinking he would be there soon, unless she had heard of his attention to Miss Hufsey; and if so, then she knew of his coming, and thought he was coming to see her mistress, when in truth she should be mortified with seeing him visit Miss Hufsey instead of herself; but Mrs. Margrett had not heard of Mr. Horton's gallantry to Miss Hufsey, but meant solely Louis Chamont; while the young ladies had been so highly delighted with the Abbé, that their discourse was of no one else; and if Mr. Horton did intrude on either of
their

their minds, it is certain his name was not mentioned the whole evening :— Only the Abbé, and his agreeable conversation, with fallies of wit which accidentally fell from him, that at last their imagination made him younger than he appeared, and then they believed him to be a very young man.— With these ideas, they waited with impatience for the return of the next evening, that they might be more curious in their researches ; but their researches did not now extend to inanimate beings, but to an object that wanted more penetration to find out, than they could possibly have.—For an Abbé without disguise, is almost impenetrable ; but an Abbé in disguise was not to be found out by the innocent circumspection of two so amiable and void of fraud or dissimulation, as the lovely Mary Magdalen, and her amiable friend.

These

These fair friends passed the night in profound repose, undisturbed, but by pleasant dreams, when the morn broke in upon them, to hasten on the approach of the expected evening that they were to meet their guide and instructor; therefore we may suppose, when the hour arrived, no impediment, on their part, caused any delay, although the Countess Veraille had been very pressing for Mary Magdalen to accompany her and Sir Thomas, with M. Chamont and his lady, to a rout, to which they were going; but Miss de Tourville declined it, as having an aversion to cards. And indeed her mind was more usefully inclined, or at least it was her intention it should be so; and therefore the moment the coach conveyed the family out of sight, they proceeded on their intended walk, and met their Abbé, their reverend conductor, at the identical spot
where

where they saw him the preceding evening.

He accosted them with great respect, and gave them a benediction (not that either thought it of any avail) praying that they might be *wise, virtuous, and amiable*. They thanked him for his prayer, and changed the subject, by reverting to the scenes before them, which they did not scruple to observe, were what most attracted their attention. The Abbé led them over stupendous rocks and caverns; one of which Mary Magdalen admired so much, for the wonderful construction of its parts, that the indulgent man sat down on a clift of a rock, and drew it for her on the spot. Miss de Tourville was greatly pleased with this present of the Reverend Abbe's, for it was drawn with great exactness and nicety; and as he found

how easily her mind was formed, took from under his cloak or scarf, a large roll of papers, and presented them to her, which contained different views of the Glaciers of Grindelwald, and are the original ones that were first drawn on the spot by this *Dominican*, and introduced to the world as they do now appear, though there has been many others drawn since, yet none more correct.—Mary Magdalen and Miss Hufsey were more than ever delighted with the communication of the father, who did not fail to ingratiate himself by all the humility and respect possible.—He gained such confidence in their good opinion, that they did not wait for his invitation, but voluntarily said, they should be there the next evening; and the next evening they went to the unsuspected man; but this evening was different from the two preceding ones: He led on their unsuspecting

unsuspicious steps; then delayed the time by conversation, 'till the gloom of night drew on, when a sudden sound was heard—" Mary Magdalen listened; hush," said she.—" At what," said the affrighted Miss Hufsey—"no cause for apprehension," said the holy father.—The noise was louder.—Miss Hufsey started and trembled, when the Abbé exclaimed, "*Heaven have mercy.*" Immediately two men appeared, and seizing Miss de Tourville, carried her off.—Miss Hufsey fainted, and fell; on which the good father pursued the ruffians, who, with his assistance, conveyed Mary Magdalen into a chaise, that was waiting with a person to receive her: After which, he got in himself, and they were gone in a minute, the blinds being drawn up to prevent discovery.—The ruffians, who were left behind, returned to Miss Hufsey, who was just recovering, and

conducted her to Berne, where they left her to pursue her way home alone : But what was the consternation of the Countess, M. Chamont, and his lady. What became of Miss de Tourville, shall be the subject of future chapters.

CHAP.

C H A P. VIII.

A DISCOVERY.

I N order to ascertain the plot carried on to secure the person of Miss de Tourville, it is necessary we should say, or rather tell, who this good father, the Abbé, was, to which we must revert back to a part of our fair ward's life, where we mentioned the Duke de L——having sent his son to

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travel,

travel, that he might avoid Miss de Tourville, and the caution he took of sending him under the care of a Reverend Abbé. We have likewise mentioned the dissipated life he led in Italy, where his excesses had been so great, that he was obliged to leave the country in private; and that he and his pastor might not be overtaken, they had taken the road to Berne, where they lay concealed from the knowledge of every body, while the *pious man* paid attention to these young ladies, whom he accidentally met in his evening excursions, where he used to ramble, being a great searcher of the wonders of nature and arts.—On his return to their private lodging, he acquainted the Marquis d' Arden with his adventure, describing the beauty of Mary Magdalen beyond what could be conceived, which pleased the young Marquis, and they formed the scheme
that

that was put in execution, of their leaving Berne, and taking her with them. The Abbé had never seen Miss de Tourville while he was at Paris; therefore he did not know who was the prize; and the evening drawing on, and it being dark, with the blinds drawn up, the Marquis had not an opportunity of seeing her, or being seen by her; nor could he know her by the voice, as he had muffled her up, that she could not cry out. Thus they travelled full speed for many miles, 'till the morning dawn'd, and day-light began to appear; while the affrighted Mary Magdalen tried, by every effort, to disengage her face and eyes, that she might see who was her ravisher. At length one of the traces of the harness broke, in ascending a high hill, and the horse fell; the driver wanted assistance, and the Marquis, leaving her in charge of the *good man*,

while he went to help the driver, the blinds still continued close shut;—but she found means to uncover her mouth, at the moment a carriage was passing. On the gentleman seeing their distress, he stooped to give his assistance; and Mary Magdalen, hearing another voice, gave a loud shriek, which drew the attention of the gentleman, and he immediately asked who was in the carriage.—But what was the surprise of Louis Chamont to see the Marquis d' Arden, and to hear him say it was his *wife*. The Marquis was equally struck at seeing Louis Chamont, who knew he had no wife—and therefore insisted on seeing who was in the chaise, which the other absolutely refused, when the lady, again disengaging herself from the Abbé, cried out a second time; and Louis Chamont, offering to go to the chaise, the Marquis took out a pistol, swearing he would

would kill the first person who attempted to discover who was there.—He was therefore about to desist from any further attempt, when a gentleman, passing in a chaise, asked the cause.—The Marquis told him, the gentleman wanted to see his wife.—Louis Chamont persisted in his knowledge, that he had no wife.—The gentleman said, that if she was his wife, he had no occasion to be ashamed to shew her; and if the lady was not his wife, he would assist the other gentleman, and they would see her.—He immediately took out a pistol, which alarmed the Marquis, who quietly suffered them to open the chaise.—But how were they surprised, when they beheld a Reverend Abbé as a security for seduction.—If then astonished, how much more so, when the lady, alighted from the carriage, discovered to the Marquis d' Arden and her de-

liverer, Miss de Tourville. Louis Chamont was so enraged at the discovery, that he drew his sword, and would instantly have sacrificed the Marquis to his resentment, had not Mary Magdalen interposed, by declaring he did not know who he had stole away.—The Marquis d' Arden, instantly struck with surprise at the lovely appearance of Miss de Tourville, resigned her, with many apologies, to the care of the gentleman, and prepared to get into his carriage, while the Abbé received a mark of ineffable contempt from Mary Magdalen, with a severe rebuke from Louis Chamont, in making a *sacred vestment* a cover for profligacy and the most abandoned debauchery.

The Marquis being gone, Louis Chamont was turning to thank his unknown friend, when, who should
Mary

Mary Magdalen discover in this assistant to her deliverer, but the unfortunate Mr. Latham, whose release she had effected from the prison at Châlons, with the assistance of Mr. Horton.—They went together, on this second meeting, to the next village, where, after Miss de Tourville had related to them every circumstance of her own critical situation, from which she had been so lately delivered, Louis Chamont purposed to send express to Berne, that the minds of his father and the Countess Veraille, might be eased from the apprehension they must endure, in their fears for her safety.

Miss de Tourville expressed every acknowledgment to Louis Chamont and Mr. Latham, whom she styled her deliverers.—Mr. Latham had only returned a favour, lately be-

stowed on him; but her thanks to Louis Chamont and her acknowledged gratitude, were, in his estimation, but small recompense to a man who sighed for the possession of her affections:— He therefore only distantly hinted, at the return he wished for to signal a favour, while Mary Magdalen pretended not to understand him. After having taken a respectful leave of Mr. Lathem, who was on his journey for England, as he had recovered his health, she begged to retire to rest, being much fatigued with the terrors of the preceding night, and left the gentlemen together; Louis Chamont having sent off a messenger with dispatch to his father, at Berne, the man executed his commission with expedition, and arrived there to the great joy of M. Chamont and the rest of the family, whom he found in great distress; for

Miss

Miss Hufsey, fainting on sight of the ruffians, did not recollect the fate of Miss de Tourville, and consequently expected to meet her at Sir Thomas Hufsey's; but when she arrived there, and did not meet her, the apprehensions for her safety had such an effect, that she went into strong convulsions, which continued without any interruption, 'till the arrival of the messenger from Louis Chamont, with an account of her safety and escape from the Marquis d' Arden, which happy account brought Miss Hufsey to a more composed state of mind; and M. Chamont, with Lady Veraille, were for going to Plancé, where Mary Magdalen was, with Louis Chamont, and to continue their route on to Paris; but Miss Hufsey, having a particular desire to see again her rambling companion, Sir Thomas begged them to let her return to Berne, as Louis Chamont

mont said he would bring her, when she was sufficiently recovered of her fears, to allow her to take the journey; for the young gentleman was on his road to Berne, when he so fortunately met her, and rescued her from the Marquis d' Arden, and the profligate consummate hypocrite, the Reverend Abbé.

Miss Hufsey soon recovered, and in expectation of seeing her fair friend, when she was agreeably surprised with the sight of a friend still nearer to her heart, in the person of Mr. Horton, who arrived at Sir Thomas Hufsey's to dinner, on the second day after this affair, to her entire satisfaction; but not so pleasing to M. Chamont, who, before he had heard from his son, of the safety of Miss de Tourville, had so far failed in the natural benevolence of his nature, as to accuse, in his heart,

Mr.

Mr. Horton of the theft; but the amiable Mr. Horton was above disguise, and had returned to Berne after arriving at Paris with Mr. Savage, his former preceptor, who had been his companion during his travels, to be certain of Louis Chamont's ascendancy in the affection of Mary Magdalen.— But an explanation of all these events shall be the subject of another chapter, with the consequences attendant thereon; as likewise the return of Miss de Tourville to her friends at Berne.

C H A P. IX.

A slight affray, but likely to be productive of worse consequence.

THE return of Mr. Horton to Berne convinced Miss Hufsey of his attachment to her, while it increased M. Chamont's apprehensions on the ascendancy of his power over Miss de Tourville's heart, on whose account he was sure the journey was continued to Berne; and he was not
so

so impatient for their return as Mr. Horton, who was almost confirmed in his fears of the truth of his servant's information, as she was now with Louis Chamont; but as Miss Hufsey had informed him from what cause it proceeded (and indeed the whole story) he was not so apprehensive as at first, and therefore waited their arrival with the utmost impatience, as from herself only would he know the truth;—and if he must entertain no hopes of such a blessing as the possession of her lovely self, he would instantly set out for England, upon the declaration, and not behold her the property of any other man more fortunate. These were the resolutions formed in his own mind, when Louis Chamont and the amiable Mary Magdalen arrived: But how was the beauty of her lovely countenance heightened, when she beheld Mr. Horton;

ton; yet her heart sunk, and yielded to fear and jealousy, as now it was to her a certainty that he visited Berne again, on Miss Hufsey's account only; and this was fully confirmed by herself, how could she mistake indeed, had she any reason to suppose the contrary, while she triumphed in her imagined victory over an amiable heart.

Mary Magdalen was extremely dejected at Miss Hufsey's happiness; but we will not call it ungenerous—only natural: And therefore, when the gentleman occasionally met them, Miss de Tourville behaved with a distant reserve to both, while Mrs. Margrett hinted at the prophecy of her lover's returning, when she could not tell who it was she could possibly mean. These were the first struggles of mind on her arrival; and the tantalizing situation of her heart

heart made her sigh often, which escaped not the observation of Mr. Horton; but as Louis Chamont had no apprehensions in his mind on his account, they were not noticed by him, and he remained secure from fears of any rival, when he had to encounter the most powerful one in Mr. Horton he could possibly meet.

A few days had passed in an apparent indifference on all sides, but these hidden ones of fear, distrust, and anxiety, which alternately possessed the apprehensive breasts of Mary Magdalen and Mr. Horton, who impatiently waited an opportunity to declare his sentiments to the most lovely of women, while Miss Hufsey's heart began to cool, when Mr. Horton did not attend to her society when alone.— Thus were these secret movements of minds truly sympathizing, yet adverse in

in principle, 'till fortune favoured her petitioner, in giving him an opportunity, by meeting Miss de Tourville alone in the garden.—His fate would not let him omit a moment that so opportunely offered, and he unfolded a heart void of deceit, to the gentle bosom of compassionating loveliness; and she was on the point of confirming what the candour of her heart had already felt too forcibly, when the abrupt appearance of Miss Hufsey prevented an explanation.—The confusion of Mary Magdalen soon convinced the penetrating eye of that lady, that all was not serene in her peaceful breast, while Mr. Horton stood unabashed; for he had no desire to conceal—nor did he suspect his secret influence in the bosom of the susceptible Lavinia.—Thus situated, they all remained silent, and walked slowly towards the house, where

where they were joined by the rest of the company on the terrace, who, with them, proceeded to dinner, the bell having given notice that it was now on the table: But from what motives the two young ladies were deprived of their appetites, we may easily guess, and from the most opposite extremes: But an explanation did not take place 'till an unfortunate event made it necessary for all to be more explicit.

Miss de Tourville and Miss Hufsey had not made their appearance in public since the adventure of the Abbé; for it was not possible to keep it secret from an inquisitive world; but now it had subsided, they were to accompany Sir Thomas with the party to a concert (as Miss de Tourville was fond of music) they all went in the evening, Louis Chamont and Mr. Horton with them.—While there, Louis Chamont
met

met two gentlemen whom he knew at Rome, and the concert being over, they proposed to him and Mr. Horton, to go and sup together at the hotel, which they readily accepted:— And after seeing the ladies home, returned to their repast. As it was late before they began to spend the evening, we may naturally suppose they did not lose time; in consequence, the glass passed briskly, and six bottles of wine were presently gone before they were sensible they had drank one.— More was called for, and drank, when inebriation, and the concomitant causes, followed.— One of the gentlemen, who had been at the concert, and had seen Mary Magdalen, gave the most lovely woman in nature as his toast, in the person of Miss de Tourville.--- This Louis Chamont resented, as an affront to his intended mistress and future wife, which Mr. Horton, with

fire in his eyes, ventured to dispute, by declaring her the mistress of his fate; and as she knew it, he would defend the assertion with any gentleman; on which Louis Chamont drew his sword.—Mr. Horton did the same;—and they were preparing to decide the right, when the gentlemen interposed, to prevent mischief; but they were as incapable to prevent any accident, as either of the others were to defend themselves.—The consequence was, that in the struggle, Louis Chamont received Mr. Horton's sword in his body, and fell apparently dead.—Mr. Horton thought he had killed him, and immediately left the room and the house, and went to a private inn, where he wrote a few lines to Miss de Tourville, directed, under cover, to Mrs. Margrett, and in a post chaise and four, with Mr. Savage, on whom he had called at his lodgings, set out
from

from Berne with the utmost speed, the gentleman being too much alarmed at the situation of Louis Chamont, to attend to him on his departure. They immediately sent for M. Chamont and a surgeon, who said, there was no danger from the wound, if the blood could be stopped. He was therefore carefully conveyed to Sir Thomas's house, and carried to bed, where the cause being related, Mary Magdalen was in the most violent agitation, lamenting her unfortunate destiny, and prophetically fortelling her own life to be as miserable as her unhappy mother's; while M. Chamont and his lady, in unutterable anguish, were deploring the untimely end of so amiable a son, whom they now thought was dying.

When Mary Magdalen retired to rest, Mrs. Margrett delivered her the
letter

letter from Mr. Horton (for as there was a fee annexed, she was punctual to the performance of her promise): When, therefore, Mrs. Margrett left the apartment of her lady, Mary Magdalen instantly opened the packet, which contained a letter and Mr. Horton's picture; but her solicitude to be acquainted with the cause of his leaving so precipitately *her*, who but the preceding morning, he had vowed never to forsake or forget, made her only attend to the protestations of the man she wished to believe, and who now possessed a love the most pure and disinterested; lamenting the hasty event of the evening, which, he feared, had separated him from her for ever, begged her to accept the picture for his sake; and if Louis Chamont should live (as he earnestly prayed he might) and be preferred by her, then

to forget there ever was such a man as G. A. Horton.

This letter, as it confirmed his love, so it heightened in consequence her distress, at a separation so fatal to his happiness and to her own : More so, as the succeeding morning found Louis Chamont in a high fever, from the excess of drinking on the preceding unfortunate evening, and lessened the reviving hopes they had of his life, from the situation of his wound, which had stopt bleeding, and appeared to be in a state of amendment, but, from the fever, they apprehended an inflammation would ensue ; while the tears of Mary Magdalen, which flowed without intermission, gave M. Chamont hopes they were for his son, and revived Miss Hussy's, in the thought that they proceeded from the same cause ; but Lady Veraille and Mrs. Margrett

Margrett were assured of it, and reprobated the conduct of Mr. Horton, whom Mary Magdalen, in her mind, justified, as it spoke the dictates of his heart, and his sentiments of her.— These alternate differences of opinion kept both the young ladies silent, in respect to the scene Miss Hufsey witnessed the preceding morning.— They often, when alone, recalled the Abbé to their remembrance, with the certainty of his disguising a young countenance under that garb: And indeed so it proved; for during the state of insensibility in which Louis Chamont lay, there came a letter to him from Paris, from the Marquis d' Arden, begging, on their former friendship, he would not acquaint the Duke de L——, his father, of the indiscreet conduct of him and his partner, the Abbé D——, who was as young

as himself, and as imprudent respecting the affair of Miss de Tourville; but by the time the letter arrived, Louis Chamont was incapable of attending to it, or to any thing else:—He however began, in a few days, to recover his senses, and the fever abating, without any bad symptoms from the wound, the hopes of M. Chamont and his lady began to revive.—Mary Magdalen dried her tears, in the united hopes that she should again have her fugitive restored to her, as well as M. Chamont, his son. She therefore recovered her vivacity; and when he was able to sit in his chair, Mary Magdalen was the first person requested to visit him, and the first, as was supposed by all, that wished for the opportunity; and indeed, in her heart, she was rejoiced at the opportunity, but from very different motives to those which they had adopted; while

Mrs.

Mrs. Margrett, who valued herself on her sagacity and penetration, took the liberty of being more explanatory to her lady, which made her fully understand all that had before been unintelligible from her waiting maid, as well as an explanation of the wishes of all those that were now with her; and this account of the maid's now likewise convinced her, for a certainty, that jealousy induced Mr. Horton to draw his sword against Louis Chamont, of which she could not form any reason, from whence he could collect that information; but Mary Magdalen did not, at this moment, bring to her remembrance, how very intelligent a confidential, or at least an old family servant, always is.

Mrs. Margrett, we have already remarked, was the person who had created so much uneasiness in the breast

of Mr. Horton ; but on her now taking the liberty with her mistress, of expressing her own wishes, as well as that of Lady Veraille, with M. Chamont and lady, she severely rebuked her, and with haste and impatience told her, in a resolute tone of voice, she should never have Louis Chamont ; nor had she ever expressed a thought which could lead them to think so.—“ No, indeed,” said she, traversing the room with all the pride and dignity of her birth and family ;—speaking at the same time with the intelligent fine eyes of an Arnold—“ No, indeed, Margrett—I am the Earl of Lavent’s daughter ; and if I ever marry, it shall be a native of my own country. I sincerely rejoice in the recovery of Louis Chamont—but I have more reasons than one, for his sake, to rejoice at that event—no, indeed.”

Mrs.

Mrs. Margrett was struck with surprise at this declaration of her lady; — and being commanded from her presence, hastened away to acquaint Lady Veraille with the astonishing intelligence; while Mary Magdalen was so satisfied with her own conduct, that she immediately went to her little private cabinet, where she deposited her valuables, and those pictures we have before mentioned, among which number she singled out Mr. Horton's; and taking her father's from her bosom, found, in the comparison, a similarity of features; and the eyes of the other looked on her at the moment with the same benignity of aspect as she should expect from a father and a lover. — We will not hesitate to say, she alternately kiss'd them, and with tears lamented the loss of one, and the cruel separation from the other. At the same time, a rising

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hope

hope would intrude, that as Louis Chamont was recovering, the impediment of never seeing him more was removed by it.—Thus satisfied with herself, she made Mr. Horton an inmate indeed, with her amiable father.

In the mean time, Mrs. Margrett had related her story, with so many positive declarations of aversion to Louis Chamont, from her mistress, that when she met Lady Veraille at dinner (however self-satisfied she might be) her coolness of behaviour gave her uneasiness, as she did not in the least apprehend the cause, or that Mrs. Margrett had been so quick in the account of her determination to the Countess.

Lady Veraille took the earliest opportunity to inform M. Chamont of the conversation between Mrs. Margrett

grett and her lady, and of her determined resolution respecting his son;—all which she confirmed.—M. Chamont was not surprised, but disappointed at it, and then told the Countess his suspicions of Mr. Horton, and Miss de Tourville's visible partiality. Here Mrs. Margrett thought proper to mention the small packet, which passed through her hands from Mr. Horton to her lady the evening of his departure from Berne, which fixed them still more in the certainty of her favouring Mr. Horton in preference to his son; but as he was a stranger to them (except in those slight instances of acquaintance) they determined to hasten their return to Paris; for as it was very probable he had gone directly for England, on the supposition he had killed Louis Chamont, so it was equally as probable he would return, when he heard he was out of

danger. Therefore it was settled, that when Louis Chamont was capable of the journey, they should go to Paris, to elude meeting him at Berne again; and the physician being of opinion that the journey, by slow stages, might be of service to his health, and towards regaining his strength, they fixed the day for their departure to be early in the following week.

C H A P. X.

THE RIVAL FRIENDS.

MISS de TOURVILLE'S determination not to have Louis Chamont, as related by Mrs. Margrett, was to be kept a profound secret from him, lest it should retard the amendment in his health, which increased every day; and as she constantly visited him in his room, with

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the rest of the family and her companion, Miss Hufsey, he flattered himself, that gratitude alone, for the fortunate assistance he had afforded her, in the escape from the Marquis, would incline her to favour his pretensions; but notwithstanding the secrecy observed to him, it was not so with the rest of the family, and Mrs. Margrett related every mortifying circumstance to Miss Hufsey, and more than she knew, though in fact no more than the truth; for when she saw the confusion of Miss Hufsey, on her first mentioning Mr. Horton's name (not that she knew the least of her attachment) she increased the incidents of her own story, and declared, that she had known of her lady's and Mr. Horton's fondness for each other, ever since they first met; and as it was immaterial to her who her lady married, to Miss Hufsey she spoke of Mr. Horton as
the

the most amiable of men, and she did not wonder her lady was so fond of him. She likewise told her of the letter, which she had delivered to her from him.

Miss Hufsey, we may naturally suppose, was hurt at this information, but more at the duplicity of her friend, who, she thought, had deceived her, in concealing the secret sentiments of her heart from her respecting the man they both esteemed.—She was therefore determined to come to an *eclaircissement* with Miss de Tourville, to whom she immediately went, from Mrs. Margrett, and finding her alone, related to her every word that had fell from the intelligent waiting-woman; and with great candour, and we will suppose some small degree of anger, for in such a situation anger is (if ever) pardonable,

able, hinted her want of confidence, in leading her heart to continue her approbation of a gentleman whom she knew was already devoted to her.— Mary Magdalen, whose sweetness of temper was superior to all aggravation, smiling on her friend with ineffable mildness, contradicted almost the whole of Mrs. Margrett's relation, and added how much cause she had for apprehension from his prior knowledge of Miss Hufsey:—And that, 'till the unfortunate affair between him and Louis Chamont, which immediately followed the declaration of his passion for her, when Miss Hufsey interrupted their conversation in the garden:——“ 'Till then,” said the lovely Mary Magdalen, “ I had every thing to fear from you;—but now, though his declaration has convinced me that I am the object of his love, yet perhaps this (taking the picture

ture from her bosom) may be all I may ever know of the dear original.

Miss Hufsey took the picture of Mr. Horton, and looked at it with regret; then returning it to the happy owner (as she esteemed her)—“Here, Miss de Tourville,” said she: “I resign Mr. Horton to you; let it not divide our friendship: You have the best pretensions to him.—We shall soon be separated—let our friendship still continue; and if I should hear of your being united to him, it will revive a happiness in my breast I shall never know ’till then.” “Generous woman,” said Mary Magdalen—“forgive me, if I say that *event* would increase *mine*; but I fear a wayward fate attends my steps, as it did those dear lamented friends I have so recently lost.”—The two lovely partners in sorrow were here drowned in tears which

which would have continued, had not Lady Veraille interrupted their sorrowing and forboding fears.— She immediately retired again, on seeing them so situated:—But her intrusion had broke the chain of their thoughts: Therefore, after professions of the most sincere friendship, which death only was to dissolve, they parted; and Miss Hufsey left Mary Magdalen in a confused hurry of thoughts, none of which seemed to portend much to facilitate what had been so ardently wished by them both.— She nevertheless joined the company and Louis Chamont, who had been out an airing in a carriage with his father, and was now in the drawing-room.—They began to prepare for their return to Paris, having previously made Sir Thomas promise to bring Miss Hufsey there, on a visit to her friend, Miss de Tourville, before she visited.

visited England, as she fully intended to do the following spring.—They left Berne, and making an excursion to Thun, to take a nearer view of the Glaciers and towering Alps, proceeded by slow stages on to Paris, where they arrived safe, after a pleasant journey; Louis Chamont bearing the fatigue much better than was expected he would.

CHAP.

C H A P. XI.

PARIS REVISITED.

THE return to Paris opened a scene of infinite regret to Louis Chamont, as his impatience to know his future destiny with Miss de Tourville made an explanation necessary;—and he had the additional mortification to his present weak state, of being rejected by her, who alone could form happiness.

happiness for his succeeding life. The generosity of Mary Magdalen would not suffer her to triumph in a victory which affected the heart of so amiable and deserving a man as she esteemed Louis Chamont to be, though she had fix'd her heart on one whom she might never see again; and the professions of regard Mr. Horton had made, might, from the fickle nature of man, all subside by absence.— Besides, he acknowledged his apprehensions of her favouring Louis Chamont in his letters, of which she had not the opportunity to undeceive him; she had therefore great reason to suppose he would endeavour to forget her; but what rent her mind with the most anxiety was, that in trying to forget her, a more captivating mistress might gain possession of his affections before she could find means to undeceive him, and know how much

much interest he had, and what a powerful pleader for him, rested in her lovely bosom, and warmed and animated her heart more than his lively representation did, that lay concealed there. At other times, Mary Magdalen thought Mr. Horton would most certainly return to Berne or Paris, when he knew Louis Chamont was recovered; but the most favourable and most probable scheme of a chance to see him again, was to return to her native land as soon as possible;—for there she might see him, and avoid the importunity of an amiable man, whom she must wish to avoid on that account. Mrs. Margrett likewise urged the intention with all the force of her rhetoric, as she desired to visit again the place that gave her birth. She extolled England as the land of promise, and cautiously hinted, though with great distance and respect, that England must be the most desirable

desirable place of residence, as it contained the most desirable objects to reside with; for when she had espoused the cause of Louis Chamont, it was only when she thought her lady did: But Mrs. Margrett was so dutiful and complying a servant, that she always changed sentiments with those it was her duty to obey.

Mary Magdalen's mind was torn with the contending passions of love, hope, and fear, when the disappointment of Louis Chamont's wishes, in not succeeding in his love, caused a slow fever to prey on his spirits, and the doctors were apprehensive of a consumption.—Louis, who knew Mary Magdalen wished to visit England, begged the physician to advise a trip to Bristol hot-wells, a regimen often salutary in disorders of that kind. M. Chamont and the Countess Veraille for some time had

it in contemplation to let Mary Magdalen visit her native country:—And as they were assured, in their minds, Mr. Horton would return to the Continent, when he heard of Louis Chamont's recovery; they therefore thought it might be the means to prevent what Mr. Horton would want to effect, another interview with Miss de Tourville, by taking her to England before he could possibly know of their intention.

With this view, they prepared for a journey, the most pleasing that could possibly be to Mary Magdalen. At the same time, they indulged hopes in the bosom of Louis Chamont, that in time she might lose the remembrance of Mr. Horton, if her mind was diverted by other objects; but they did not so far penetrate into the intelligent breast of Miss de Tourville
as

as to see, that Mr. Horton was the principal among many other inducements to make her wish to take that tour in preference to any other, while the anxiety of her mind, with the tender tumults of love and expectation, daily heightened her unparalleled beauty, and made her more attractive than ever she was before. At the express wish of Mary Magdalen, the Countess Verille was to be of the party, with the family of M. Chamont; and having previously provided a packet, with necessary accommodation for them, they proposed to set out for Calais; but a circumstance very disagreeable attended Miss de Tourville on this tour, which was taking leave of the Duke de L——, her guardian, and his lady, lest she should meet the Marquis d' Arden or the Reverend Abbé, which she wished to avoid, and she heartily forgave them

them both; particularly the Abbé, as he had made her a present of those views of the Glaciers and Alps, which she held inestimable; but she had no wish to meet either of those gentlemen again; nor had she been at the Duke de L——'s but once since her return to Paris, and then M. Chamont took the precaution to have the visit paid when the Marquis was from home; for the Duke remained ignorant of the transaction at Berne, and the Marquis was a young Nobleman of insinuating address, and graceful in his person and manners. M. Chamont was fearful, therefore, of his attractions in preference to his son, and the Duke wished his former love to revive; for Miss de Tourville had already an immense fortune, and it was very probable would have all the Countess de Veraille possessed, which was very large, the Count having left her

her all his fortune, and she had no relations, at least none which her ladyship acknowledged, for poor relations, where her detestation—as we have had reason to remark before; but those who could not be scarcely sensible of her favours, were the more carefs'd, we will not pretend to distinguish what was her ladyship's motive; and if we say it was to avoid *ostentatious observation*, we shall certainly put the most charitable construction on her conduct in this respect. The Duke therefore held Mary Magdalen in two lights equally amiable, her beauty and accomplishments, with her immense fortune. On these accounts (particularly the last) his Grace wished the Marquis to be again introduced to the company of Miss de Tourville, but she had always avoided it; and M. Chamont, for the same reason, encouraged her dislike.—But it was now

highly necessary for her to pay the Duke that respect his tender attention to her mother and herself merited.

Lady Veraille therefore agreed to accompany her, and they went to the Duke de L———'s the Tuesday previous to their setting out for Calais on the Thursday. Mary Magdalen was received by his Grace with all the cordiality of a sincere friendship; for the Duke had a true esteem for her, as it was impossible not to have, who had once known Mary Magdalen—her manners were so captivating, and her person so amiable; but the Duke de L———'s esteem was heightened for the daughter, out of respect to the memory of her mother, whose misfortunes he always lamented: He therefore loved her as his child, and regretted her leaving France, extorting almost a promise from her to return
with

with M. Chamont again, when they returned to Paris: And indeed she fully intended to do so; for as she was no more than nineteen years old, two years must elapse, before she could properly be permitted to act, as she pleased, in respect to her place of residence; and her guardians being both natives of France, it became more necessary, as well as convenient, for her to continue under their immediate protection, 'till she was put into possession of her fortune; and indeed it was on those conditions of her return, that the Countess Veraille assented to accompany them.

While they were in this agreeable conversation at the Duke de L——'s, the Marquis d' Arden came home, and not knowing there was any company, went immediately to his mother's dressing-room, where they were all sitting.—He was exceedingly con-

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fused

fused and struck at sight of Miss de Tourville, which his Grace was glad to see; for he hoped the dormant passion of youth might return, and pressed him to continue with them, while the ladies staid, which he reluctantly did; but his confusion proceeded from a different cause; and the presence of Miss de Tourville captivated him; but it was with a wish to get her into his possession, as much now, knowing her, as he had before, when she was unknown; as he had heard among his loose companions, whom he still associated with, that our *fair ward* was most certainly to be married to Louis Chamont, when they returned from visiting England, and he recovered his health; he did not know how to effect it in the time they had to stay at Paris; yet he wished to disappoint his hopes. These
were

were his thoughts in the leisure hours of retirement, when from his gay companions.

After Lady Veraille and Mary Magdalen had taken leave of the Duke de L—— and his Dutches, and the Marquis d' Arden, Miss de Tourville still continued at her own house, on the banks of the Seine, where her late mother resided; but most days, was either with Lady Veraille or Madam Chamont, as they would not suffer her to be alone; and the evening previous to their departure from Paris, made a party to go to the play, in order to divert her mind from some serious engagements she had been obliged to attend to, relative to the effects of her lamented mother, and which her guardians thought necessary to settle before she undertook a voyage by sea; the consequence of which was, that it had

brought many tender and endearing scenes to her remembrance, which affected her very much ; and the Countess Veraille, who never knew sorrow herself, was the first to eradicate it from the breast of those who did, when it never sensibly affected herself—made Mary Magdalen go to her house to dinner, and M. Chamont and his lady were to call in the evening, and to proceed to the theatre together, and were very highly entertained by the performance. After the play was over, they were, from the crowd, obliged to wait in the lobby of the house for some time, 'till the carriage could draw up; while there, the Marquis d' Arden came in with two of his gay companions, and seeing Miss de Tourville, spoke to her, and to M. Chamont and the Countess Veraille, and immediately left them, and went out with his friends, the young Lord Agen, and
Count

Count Sancy, who were with him, and as dissipated as himself. M. Chamont, having not the least suspicion that the Marquis had any ill intention, went to their carriage, and proceeded to the house of Lady Veraille, when, in turning from the *Rue St. Honoré*, to the street where the Countess lived, a sudden and unexpected rise on one side instantly overset the coach, before the coachman could stop the horses.—The fright of the ladies, and their shrieks, soon brought a crowd round them. M. Chamont was the first who was taken out of the coach;—Mary Magdalen followed, and was immediately accosted by an unknown voice, who begged to conduct her to Lady Veraille:—She directly consented; as, by his words, she concluded he knew where they were going;—but on proceeding a few steps, another gentleman came up; and putting his

arm round her waist, was hurrying her on, when, by the light of a flambeaux that past, she discovered him to be the Marquis d' Arden. Mary Magdalen called as loud as she could, on M. Chamont, who, running, came to her assistance, but not before they had passed the house of the Countess Verraille. When M. Chamont came up, the Marquis and Count Sancy, by favour of the darkness, disappeared, and Miss de Tourville was conveyed to the Countess, whose fright had such an effect on her, that she fainted away, but, being carried to bed, soon recovered; and her guardian, thinking it highly necessary she should be removed at a distance from the machinations of such a designing artful man, was determined to pursue their intended journey the next day, notwithstanding her indisposition.

In

In the morning he had a letter from the Marquis, declaring it all accidental; but, from the confession of the Count de Sancy, which they afterwards heard, the large stone was rolled there not to overturn the carriage, but oblige them to get out, when they intended to make the seizure, as they did, and to have conveyed her away; they were, however, disappointed in their scheme, and fortunately none of them received any injury, excepting Mary Magdalen's fright, which did not prevent them from pursuing their journey, as proposed. After dinner, they set out for Calais, which place they reached the day after, and embarked for England; and Mary Magdalen delighted at the thought of so soon revisiting her native land.

C H A P. XII.

Miss de Tourville's return to her native country.

THE sanguinary expectation, with portentous fears, that attended Magdalena, when first she landed at Dover, could not fail to be remembered by her daughter, as they had been impressed (amidst others) from her earliest infancy, on her tender mind, and afterwards enforced, as
warnings

warnings and *examples*, when maturer years admitted of the instruction.— We may conclude, from such tuition, and the consequences, Miss de Tourville, when she landed on her native land, felt some check to her transports, on that account, from those reflections which could not otherwise then follow; and from Dover to London was thoughtful and silent; yet the idea of seeing Mr. Horton again did not increase her regret, but rather heightened her expectations; and the pleasing objects on an English road shortened the tedious hours, and lessened the fatigue which would have attended a journey of such length.

After the terrors of a boisterous wind, and rough dilatory passage from Calais, they arrived safe at the capital; and going to a hotel in Covent-Garden, purposed to continue there a

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week,

week, 'till Louis Chamont had recruited his spirits sufficient to go to Bristol. He had borne the journey and voyage better than could be expected, and was in fact better; the lovely object of all his wishes, being continually before his eyes, tending, in a great measure, to facilitate a wish so ardent in the breast of M. Chamont, and his mother, as the recovery of his health; yet must her presence, we may imagine, notwithstanding so desirable, increase his anxiety, and torture him with doubts respecting his future happiness. But Mary Magdalen had no doubts in her mind; and the innocence of her thoughts led her to hope (if she *now* thought on the circumstance at all) that Louis Chamont was entirely satisfied, and comforted with her determination. But Lady Veraille, who earnestly wished her to have Louis, at the pressing instance of M. Chamont,

mont, ventured to mention the subject to her, soon after their arrival, before a more favoured lover might interfere. However, her determined resolution was not to be removed or shaken by argument or favour; and while an Arnold or de Tourville's blood flowed and blended with her animal life, was it in the power of interest or ambition to check her heart's intention.—Miss de Tourville determined never to reside in Paris again as her home, though she fully intended to return with Lady Veraille and her guardian; but she told her Ladyship, her firm resolve was to live all her future life in England, and that alone was a sufficient check to the wishes of Louis Chamont, as it could not be supposed he would relinquish his Noble possessions to reside in a foreign land. Mary Magdalen did
not

not regard the acquisition of Lady Veraille's fortune, her's being already fully competent to answer all her wishes, as she was at present unambitious of any grandeur.—A shepherd's lot, with his pipe and crook, or haply a few bleating lambs, provided the shepherd delineated Mr. Horton, was her picture of perfect happiness in her native country.

These, Miss de Tourville's resolves were communicated to the father by Lady Veraille, but not to the son, while Mrs. Margrett, who was as partial to her country as her lady, congratulated her and herself on their return, as if the *penance* and the *fault*, which had banished both so many years, originated in themselves.

During the week's stay at the hotel, our Heroine, accompanied by Lady Veraille

Veraille and Mrs. Margrett, went in the coach to St. James's-square, where the faithful attendant pointed to the already intelligent mistress the habitation of her late grand-father and father. While she stopt to view the residence of those once so near to her, a servant past the carriage, on which she inquired who lived there, and was immediately answered, the Earl of Lavent, and that his Lordship was abroad, but expected home every day. On this the servant knocked at the door, and went directly in, which convinced her he was a servant of the house, and that she had been conversing with a domestic of her own family :—For however laws and genealogies might convey titles and estates, Mary Magdalen knew she was the only child of the late Earl of Lavent, and therefore the laws of nature centered all in her.

At

At the conclusion of the week, they set out for Bristol with Louis Chamont, visiting Bath in their way.— Here they took a large house, purposing to continue at Bristol some months, making occasional excursions into the country ; while the fine clear air, and the beauty of the surrounding woods and meadows, made Mary Magdalen conclude England to have been the first paradise, and blest herself for being born there. Indeed we may truly say, her amiable manners, good sense, with the beauty and elegance of her person, made her not unaptly called an inhabitant of paradise, and a fair daughter of our first mother, eve ; an exact representation of her before the fall, but liable to the failings, misfortunes, and infirmities entailed on all her race, by that transgression.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIII.

A VERY UNEXPECTED ADVENTURE.

THE residence at Bristol not only
conducted to the re-establish-
ment of Louis Chamont's health, but
afforded infinite delight to the rest of
the party, where a continual round of
entertainments eased the mind from
reflection, of those who flew there
to avoid it, and added additional
pleasure

pleasure to the tranquil and serene.— Mary Magdalen's mind might be said to be perfectly at ease: A thought would now and then intrude, and Mr. Horton was sought for in every gentleman, who, in her idea, came the nearest to perfection; but on a more critical examination, they all fell short of the original; and she was obliged to have recourse to her own breast; an internal pleader was always there, while the portrait, with that of her father, imprest on her imagination an object not to admit of a comparison.

At the same time, Louis Chamont remained unobserved; and his father gave a hint to him, that he would seek, in a new acquaintance, for those pleasures he could not attain in the society of Miss de Tourville.—He therefore went into company, where it did not interfere with the rules prescribed

scribed by his physicians, for re-establishing his health: Sought a new and *indifferent* acquaintance of his own sex, and shunned those dangerous and captivating allurements, which had so fatally wounded his peace, more deeply than the incision of a sword's point had done in defence of them. Bathing and drinking the waters of Bristol confined him there; his diversions were therefore *local*; the rest extended their tour; and Mary Magdalen, having expressed a desire to see Waldeck Abbey, once the happy abode of her honoured mother and father.— They purposed to visit Gloucester and Tewkesbury, and then to Worcester. Louis Chamont was excluded from this tour, as we have already given a reason.—He remained at Bristol, and Miss de Tourville, with her guardian and his lady, and the Countess, set out for Worcester, and from thence proceeded

proceeded 'till they reached the Abbey.—We have had occasion, in the beginning of this history, to remark on the beautiful situation of Waldeck; but Mary Magdalen had had it so faithfully described by her, who never could forget what was too deeply impressed on her future peace, that the moment the intervening trees gave an opportunity for the white stone turrets to appear, she exclaimed, “there is Waldeck Abbey;” when a few minutes brought the lovely daughter of the amiable Magdalena to the residence of her ancestors.

We can all participate in the joy which diffused itself over her features, and dilated her heart on sight of that noble habitation. Her mind was so wrapt in the idea of her own importance there, that she would instantly have opened the door into the saloon,
had

had not a servant, with great respect, checked her, by saying the Earl was there, and just returned from France; therefore the house could not be seen, as it was never shewn to strangers when the family was at home. Miss de Tourville found the repulse very severe to her, who she thought had a right not to be disputed; and after a hesitating blush, said, "we can see the temple, I suppose." The servant bowing assent, she turned towards it with such facility, that M. Chamont and the Countess Veraille were struck with surprise at the power of description, which had so forcibly possessed her faculties, as to make her readily know every place.

The temple, as we remember, was on the banks of the Severn, at some distance from the house, and surrounded with trees. When Mary Magda-
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len came to the walk which led through the trees to the temple, she hastened her steps, leaving the Countess and M. Chamont in admiration at the beauty of the place; and suddenly opening the door, was just entering, when she saw a gentleman in deep mourning reclined on a sofa, reading. Her surprise made her as quickly retire, and was shutting the door with great precipitation, 'till a voice hastily accosted her ears—"What!—Miss de Tourville," made her delay. Here the gentleman advancing, discovered to the surprised and much astonished Mary Magdalen, her fugitive lover, Mr. Horton, whose image possessed the mind of the lovely orphan.—He seized the passive hand of the surprised fair one, and kissed it, exclaiming—"Has Miss de Tourville condescended to visit a miserable man."—At that moment she recollected

recollected herself, and withdrawing her hand, the pride of family came to her aid—"No, Sir," she returned:—"Don't deceive yourself; I am not come to Waldeck Abbey to find Mr. Horton:—A greater inducement brought me to this place—I am the daughter and only child of the late Earl of Lavent; that alone brought me here, to tread, with reverence, the ground my parents trod before me." "The daughter of the Earl of Lavent!" said Mr. Horton; "how can that be,"—when M. Chamont and his lady, with the Countess, came up.

M. Chamont was much agitated at the sight of the man who had nearly deprived him of a son—and now that son of his future happiness, would have retired; but Mr. Horton, with great affability, taking his hand, said, "Mon-sieur, we will undeceive each other—
let

let us be friends: Where is your son."——M. Chamont then informed Mr. Horton the reason of their visiting England, and that his son was at Bristol; and as they were on a tour round the country at the request of Miss de Tourville, they had visited Waldeck Abbey, but were disappointed in seeing the house, as his Lordship was at home. Mr. Horton immediately replied—"if that was their inducement, he believed he could, with the assistance of Miss de Tourville, obtain that favour;" and then taking her hand, led her towards the house. On entering the saloon, Mr. Horton conducted them to a magnificent drawing-room, and ringing a bell, ordered chocolate, while Mary Magdalen wondered, in her mind, at the freedom, 'till the servant returning, and addressing Mr. Horton by the title of *my Lord*, soon convinced her that her
lover

lover was no other than the present Earl; but how he came to be the Earl of Lavent, her impatience wanted an explanation.

After these unexpected visitors had regaled themselves, Lord Lavent walked with them into every apartment of the house.—In the dining parlour, he again addressed himself to Miss de Tourville, and led her to a whole length picture of her father, and told her, it was the late Earl of Lavent.—The sudden and unexpected surprise of Mary Magdalen, on beholding the portrait of her father so like what she had been taught to believe him; and recollecting, in a moment, all that had ever past relative to him and to her unfortunate mother, she looked full in his face—then clasping her hands, she exclaimed, “Oh!

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my

my father ;” and throwing herself on her knees, in a chair at his feet, relieved the hurry of contending passions by a flood of tears.

Lady Veraille and M. Chamont were greatly affected to see the struggles of duty and affection so predominant in her tender bosom, while Lord Lavent truly sympathized with the lovely daughter, who never appeared to more advantage, or shewed those graces she inherited from him and her amiable mother so conspicuously, as in this act of reverence and duty she now paid to their memory. His Lordship soothed her sorrow, and placing her in a chair, sat down by her, which the Countess Veraille observing, retired into the adjoining room, and was followed by M. Chamont and his lady, who could not help remarking on the singularity

singularity of their meeting ; to which the Countess added, that Providence had ordained them for each other ; and that the picture of the late Earl was a striking likeness of the present one.—He was restored to the Countess of Veraille's view the moment she saw him, in the generous act of relieving distress in the prison of Chalons ; but she did not chuse to mention it to Mary Magdalen, fearing it might be an affliction to her, in addition to those she at that time endured for the death of her mother.

During this separation from her friends, Lord Lavent resumed the tender tale he was interrupted from finishing at Berne, by Miss Hufsey ; and as we are perfectly acquainted with what effect the half finished story had on our Heroine at

the time, can naturally draw an inference, that the remainder, as well as his Lordship's situation, did not lessen the tender solicitude she had suffered since on his account. In truth, the moment proved propitious to him, and fortune seemed, at this instant, to intend him the most happy of her votaries.

Mary Magdalen listened to his declarations, that no place would be happy but where she resided, when a similar confession fell from her lips, and an involuntary emotion produced his picture from her bosom, as a sure and certain conviction of the truth of her attachment.—He prest her hand to his lips with rapture, and in terms of gratitude, thanked her for the distinction she had favoured him with; and leading her again to the company,

company, perfectly recovered, he intreated the favour of their company to dinner;—which invitation was accepted by all the party with pleasure:—And M. Chamont resigned his hopes of an alliance with his lovely ward, seeing an attachment too powerful to resist, had already designed her as the future consort of the agreeable Lord Lavent, and to which we cannot fail assenting, as a right to which he had a prior claim, besides those of love.

After an elegant repast, his Lordship satisfied a curiosity which he saw expressed in all their eyes, at his residence at Waldeck Abbey, by addressing himself to M. Chamont.—“After the unhappy affair between myself and your son at Berne, in which intemperate act I thought my life was

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stained

stained with the guilt of murder.—I immediately set out for Paris with the utmost expedition, fearing being pursued, and reached that place in a short time, almost incredible for the distance. When I arrived at the hotel, the first person who met me, on alighting from the carriage, was my father's brother, who had come express from England, with the intelligence that he was on his death bed, and near the hour of departure.—Had no other motive induced me, this was sufficient to hasten my speed, to close the dying eyes of an indulgent parent, and we immediately set out for Calais, embarked, and arrived in England, where I continued my journey with the same expedition, to the house of my father, near Monmouth, just time enough to receive his last blessing, and see him expire; a sorrow so unexpected and severe, with
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the reflection on the cause of my precipitate flight from Berne, made me inattentive to all the advantages I should inherit, or would descend to me in consequence of my father's death; and I gave myself up to despair and wretchedness, determining, if the wound should be fatal to your son, to conceal myself from the world for ever. Mr. Savage, my tutor, who came with me from Berne, did all he could, by argument and example, to convince me, that there were others more miserable than myself; but I continued inconsolable, 'till a letter from a friend I had commissioned to write to me at Berne, gave the happy information that your son was out of danger.—This roused me from any lethargic stupor, and I began to attend to the bequests of my late father, and to fulfil his will.—

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Thus

Thus my spirits being in some measure fortified, Mr. Savage ventured to tell me the additional honours which descended to my father at the moment of his departure. For the late Earl of Lavent, dying without male issue, the title, with the inheritance, became a disputed claim between my father, and a relation who judged himself to have a prior right. The Court of Chancery gave it in favour of my father;—and at the dreadful moment, when all worldly inheritance is of no avail, I was deprived of a most indulgent and tender parent, and left to the possession of those honours he never knew the enjoyment of. Thus, M. Chamont, you see me the unexpected Lord of Waldeck Abbey, and the name of Horton lost in that of Arnold, by the express will of the late Lord, who was so distant in blood from me as the
fourth

fourth collateral branch.—But all these honours, Monsieur Chamont, I esteem but as appendages to the joys of life.—In this young lady (taking the hand of Mary Magdalen) is centered all my happiness; and while I have her suffrages to claim the first place in her affections, those outward ornaments of grandeur will only be regarded by me, as I can bestow them where they will receive such embellishments from her amiable manners, charms of person, sense, and sweetness of temper, and which first fixed my heart in the prison at Chalons.—Say, Monsieur, let me have your's and your lady's, with the Countess Veraille's, approbation. I have no impediment to fear here (kissing Mary Magdalen's hand) let me have your assent to complete that happiness, which rests only with this lovely woman.

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A bow of consent from them all, convinced him of their approbation, which he returned with all the raptures of a lover, that Miss de Tourville's fine eyes sparkled with a sensibility, and received a reciprocal return from his Lordship; for they were similar in their expressions, and originated from the same source, the stream of purity and virtue.

Lord Lavent then adverted to time more recent, and said, he was but just returned from Paris and from Berne; for his heart was in France; and when he had settled the necessary matters, and taken possession of his inheritance, he travelled to recover it; but when I came to Berne, said he, my fair fugitive was fled from thence, and I had the mortification to be informed by Sir Thomas Hufsey, that you still per-
severed

fevered in your hopes for the favour of this young lady for your son ; and as I had not had a decisive answer from her, I did not know but her wishes might be correspondent with your own.—I went from Berne again to Paris.—When I arrived there you was gone for England with your son ; and as Miss de Tourville was of the party, it gave me just cause to suspect what I much feared, that Louis Chamont was the favoured lover.

“ With these despairing thoughts I returned to England, and coming to this place, determined to devote my whole life to solitude, ’till a form too well known, and imprest on my heart now ; she has presented herself again to my view, and has deigned to grace this abode with her presence, and to reign as goddess here, which, without

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her,

her, would to me (with all those surrounding beauties) have been a desert."

The company were greatly pleased with his Lordship's relation, which was delivered with such manly eloquence, as prejudiced them much in his favour; and their hearts assented to the union, as of two who were ordained to be partners, and to diffuse to each other a perpetuity of happiness.

The evening drawing on, they proposed returning to Worcester, where they had been two days; but Lord Lavent, having just recovered the inestimable prize, which he imagined lost, would not suffer them to leave the Abbey 'till the next day, when he proposed to accompany them to Worcester and Bristol.

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This could not be refused, though M. Chamont was rather apprehensive of the meeting between his son and him, both equally warm in their resentment and passions, as they were capable of defending themselves, when not heated by the intemperance of wine, as was the case in the late rencontre, though neither of them the aggressor; and as such, Lord Lavent told M. Chamont he must behold that affair; and indeed he was convinced of such, from the representation of spectators, who judged from unprejudiced circumstances; but now the matter was a certainty, and therefore he thought it best to write to Louis Chamont, and relate what had passed since they left Bristol, and of Miss de Tourville's engagement, which he did from Worcester, and they continued their journey to Bristol, with Lord Lavent in their party.

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On their arrival, Louis Chamont was gone back to France; but as he left a letter for his father quite satisfactory of his conduct, they were pacified. Mrs. Margrett rejoiced at seeing Mr. Horton with them, and began, in her own mind, to prophecy and foretel.— But when, in the course of the evening, she discovered he was Lord Lavent, and the inhabitant of Waldeck Abbey, her spirits would scarce restrain themselves, 'till her lady retired to rest, when she said to her,

“I knew what would happen—I was sure, Madam, you was born to be a lady;” and then her own happiness, that she should live at Waldeck Abbey again, was repeated so often, that however agreeable it might be to Mary Magdalen to hear, yet was she compelled to bid her be silent, and dismissing

sing her from her apartment, retired to rest herself, undisturbed and happy, in the conscious thought she slept under the protection of the most deserving and happy of lovers, her future guardian, protector, and guide, thro' a life transitory, unstable, and uncharitable.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIII.

THE HAPPY UNION.

M. CHAMONT, on his return to Bristol, not finding his son there, was impatient to follow him, notwithstanding the letter he left, and his repeatedly hearing from him every day, with the assurances of his health, he still wished to return home. But Miss de Tourville, not having any inclination

clination, or indeed power, to return to France, made him, at her request, continue longer in England. He was likewise importuned by Lord Lavent to stay, as he thought the influence of M. Chamont might hasten the day, from which he should date all his future happiness. Mary Magdalen, too, had a desire for him to be present at the ceremony, and to give her away, as he had promised her; but that promise was made when he hoped to have given his son so invaluable a gift.—She nevertheless wished it, as he was her guardian. The consent of the Duke de L——— had been already obtained, and Lord Lavent was in possession of the will of the Countess de Tourville, which informed him of every particular relative to the birth of his future consort; for the Countess, uniform in every action of her life, wished not to conceal a circumstance which

which might effect the future happiness of her orphan child, and that that those interested in the welfare of her she should soon leave, from a blind partiality, would not conceal what I may say she had a pride to acknowledge, the daughter of Lord Lavent; made her recount the whole of her pedigree in her will; where it was not possible, from the distribution of her fortune, to conceal that part which produced so blooming a flower to the observation of mankind:—And at this period, when conscious innocence guided all her wishes, and whose secret sentiments were solely centered in the person of the Earl, she gained the admiration and love of innumerable beholders, while every moment increased the regard of him who disregarded the external beauties so conspicuous to all eyes but his, and traced only those internal accomplishments,

ments, both natural and acquired, in which he placed the succeeding happiness of many years; which they should mutually participate of together, and that would admit of no diminution or satiety.

While thus contemplating his future happiness in the possession of such a lovely woman, whom he adored, we may suppose he grew impatient for the completion of his wishes, and prest, with all the ardour of true affection, for an early period being put to his anxiety; but Miss de Tourville remained inattentive to his solicitude, 'till M. Chamont gave a hint, at his Lordship's request, that he must soon return home, that made his fair ward recollect the event for which alone he continued in England, and they consented to leave Bristol and visit London, as they did not chuse to return
to

to the hotel ; and it was not strictly accordant to accept of Lord Lavent's invitation to his house in St. James's-square.

They therefore took lodgings in one of the most principal streets near his house ; but however the etiquette of propriety might make it improper for them to accept of the invitation to St. Jame's-square, his Lordship availed himself of the fancied ascendancy he had with our ward, and was continually at the house of M. Chamont, in Dover-street. Such prevalence has custom over all our actions.

We have, a few pages back, had occasion to observe that the resolution of Mary Magdalen was not to be shaken by argument or favour ; and while an Arnold, or a de Tourville's blood,

blood, flowed and blended with her amiable life, was it in the power of interest or ambition to check her heart's intention.—Give me leave here to add, that (though no female could behave with more delicacy in such a situation than our Heroine, who was above all the little arts often practised by my fair country-women, who think it necessary that false shame should act when they certainly should shew the greatest candour) my readers will not be surprised, that at the pressing solicitations of her lover, Miss de Tourville, fixed that day month for the commencement of his and her own happiness.

On this declaration, his Lordship was perfectly happy; and the intervening weeks were spent in a variety of entertainments—the lovely idol of his wishes ever in his thoughts.—Continual

tinual trivial presents were made, as assurances of his tenderest love, though infinitely deficient in force of expression, to the dictates of his heart.—A profusion of jewels were likewise added by his Lordship, to those our Heroine possessed belonging to her mother, and which were the originals belonging to the family; while the mornings were employed in purchasing ornaments of dress, for her who wanted none, nor in the estimation of his Lordship, would admit of any, their reciprocal ideas being all centered in each other; and in these hours of private conversation, when they were secluded from company, or had stole an hour for him to repeat what had been so often and so attentively heard repeated by her in those moments; not a thought obtruded on either of their minds, on the flattering vanities or ostentatious

ostentatious parade of dress, equipage, or grandeur.

Three weeks had now past, and the fourth commenced, when a few mornings brought on the last, which was no more to see Mary Magdalen de Tourville the ward of M. Chamont and the Duke de L — —; she now had chosen another guardian, the guardian of her honour and her fame, her innocence and her youth.— The ceremony was performed by Mr. Savage, his Lordship's tutor, in the drawing-room, at his house in St. James's-square, by special licence.— M. Chamont, who gave his ward as a blessing to her lover, with his lady and the Countess Veraille, were present, and who now quitted their own abode, and became part of the family. It is impossible to describe the joy of his Lordship at
this

this happy event.—While the lovely bride, decorated in all that could decorate innocence and beauty, shone superior to the first and fairest of her sex; in this situation we will take our leave of Mary Magdalen for the desirable title of Countess of Lavent, and consign her to the arms of her doating lover and husband.—Nor can we resign, without a few reflections on the severe fate of her lovely mother, who ought to have graced that title which her fair and amiable daughter now does, adorned with all those fascinating charms once so conspicuous in herself.

But such are the vicissitudes of life, alternate changes and chances, we will not therefore murmur, nor lessen our happiness, on this truly joyful occasion, but join and participate with the daughter, sinking those regrets among

innumerable others, though not to us, of so much concern, which were yet felt with equal poignancy by the unfortunate sufferers, as were those of the unhappy Magdalena de Tourville.

The happy Earl, with his beauteous bride and their valuable friends, continued in St. James's-square a week, when they retired to their seat Waldeck Abbey, in Worcestershire, having prevailed on M. Chamont and his lady to stay with them a fortnight, when they purposed to return to France, Lady Veraille intending to remain in England with her lovely cousin a few months longer.

The fortnight at Waldeck Abbey was spent in a continued round of entertainments, while Mrs. Margrett presided as chief in her department over the inferior visitants, many of

whom remembered when she resided there as servant to her present lady's mother.—Sir Edward Ardley was dead, and the Captain, his son, had come to the title and estate: He never married, and had lived retired, delighting only in his horses and dogs; but when he heard the daughter of his most favoured mistress (for the story could not be concealed from him, who had so much interest in her happiness, although it was now almost forgotten) the first place he visited was Waldeck Abbey, where, when he beheld the daughter of the lovely Magdalena, he could not help exclaiming, in a transport, "Such—such was her lovely and charming mother:"—And Lord Lavent with his bride, whose affability and condescending manners renewed those days to the remembrance of many, who could not fail, by their behaviour, to recall the days of the grandfather

grandfather and the father again, as the age when Waldeck Abbey shone in the splendor of hospitality and benevolence.

At the end of the time fixed for the departure of M. Chamont and his lady for France, they took their route back to Bristol, and sailed from thence, Lord and Lady Lavent accompanying them as far as Gloucester, and then returned to the Abbey in a month after their absence from those delightful scenes which Waldeck exhibited. After which, a check was put to the perfect joy which our lovely Countess now possessed, by Lord Lavent's receiving a letter from M. Chamont, informing him of their safe arrival at Paris, but the grief they were under from the absence of Louis Chamont, who had

returned to Berne, and was at the house of Sir Thomas Hufsey. What were his motives for returning to Berne, he did not say, but writes with cheerfulness, and is perfectly recovered in his health. Lord Lavent, on the receipt of this letter, rallied his lady—"My Magdalen," said he to the Countess Veraille, "is a *premeditated murderer*; Louis Chamont is banished; I was drove into solitude, but my solitude is now a paradise with her;"—while the tender bosom of Lady Lavent sighed at the cause, and the unintentional sorrow she had given to M. Chamont and his lady, in being deprived of the society of a son they so much valued and esteemed, and who, in her estimation, was so truly deserving of their regard. We will however hope, and we may say are certain, that this sorrow was transient, and would soon be forgot amidst

amidst the endearing and indulgent attention continually paid to her by her lord; and necessary it is that it should be forgot; for who would cloud, by adventitious grief, the short gleams of gaiety which life allows us."

C H A P. XIV.

Interviews between long absent friends.

THE Countess of Lavent had passed through Gloucester when Miss de Tourville, and again after she was married, both times within a few miles of the residence of the dowager Lady Lavent, her grandmother. His Lordship had not yet paid her his respects since his coming
to

to the title, but there was a sufficient reason for his having declined it so long, as the family had lived on distant terms of friendship; Mr. Horton, his Lordship's father, and the father of the late Earl, having been for some years litigating a cause, respecting an estate in the county of Monmouth, which was decided in favour of Mr. Horton, and where he resided when he died:—But now he thought the dowager claimed a double title to his respect, as the acknowledged grandmother of his lady; and as he had never seen her, the introduction could not be more proper, than by her grand-child and Lady Veraille, who knew her at the Duke de L——'s, and now wished to pay her the compliments which were her due.

They accordingly set out early in the morning, and arrived at the village in the afternoon of the same day (when the carriage stopt at the door) Lord Lavent sent a complimentary card, that he had taken the liberty to inquire after her health, and begged to be introduced with Lady Veraille, who was lately come from France, while the susceptible and lovely Mary Magdalen was not mentioned, though certain of being the most welcome visitor, and sat agitated with apprehension, on the thought of seeing the mother of her father.

On their arrival being announced, the Dowager ordered the servant to shew the Earl into the drawing-room, and immediately attended herself; but on seeing his Lordship so like her lost son, and the representative of her late lord,

lord, it quite overpowered her senses, and she fell senseless in a chair, while Mary Magdalen, overcome with tenderness and duty for the venerable lady she had the honour to call grand-mother, fell at her feet, clasping them with her hands, and calling alternately, first on Heaven to restore her parent, and then on her, to open her eyes on her grand-child;—and taking the picture of her grandfather, with that of the dowager's, from her pocket, she laid them in her lap, as testimonies of the truth of her assertion.

Lord Lavent, on seeing the extreme agitation his presence had occasioned, guessed from whence it proceeded (as he had been informed of the strong resemblance he bore to the late lord) and retired from the apartment, wish-

ing his lady to go with him; but she would not be prevailed on to leave her new found mother, and continued in the kneeling posture, 'till Lady Veraille and her own maid had, in some measure, brought her to herself; when, on seeing the lovely Countess in that suppliant situation, and laying her hand at the same time on the portraits in her lap, she took it up, and knowing immediately the cause for which it was given, looked at it, and then at the beauteous figure at her feet, irresolute and distressed, while the Countess continued her intercession for her to look on her “ grand-child—her Mary Magdalen.”

At last speech was given her, and clasping her arms round her lovely neck, said, “ Yes—you are my lost child, my Mary Magdalen, the orphan
child

child of my George, the counterpart of him and of thy lovely unfortunate mother, the beauteous Magdalena. Rise, my child (the venerable lady raising her) fortune, amidst all my sufferings, has reserved this one blessing for me, the sight of you. Then turning to Lady Veraille (who for once was sensibly affected at distress) she apologized to her for the trouble, as well as the uneasiness she had given and begged Lord Lavent would return to the company.

When his Lordship entered, he introduced his lovely Mary Magdalen to her grand-mother as his bride, which circumstance increased the old lady's present joy so much as so far to forget her past sorrow, and say, she should in that event again know happiness.

Such a meeting could not fail to make all happy, her ladyship not presuming then to leave her house; and though the dowager had never entered into company since the death of her lord, and particularly since the death of her amiable son, she said she would now accompany her grand-child to Lady Anne Woodward's, who lived but a few miles off, as Lady Lavent had expressed a wish to see her, and she found Capt. Woodward was returned home; that they lived very happy, and were reconciled to the dowager lady, her mother.

The next day they went, with the Dowager Lady Lavent, to the house of Capt. Woodward.—Lady Anne was at home, but Capt. Woodward was gone to take a ride. The joy she expressed at seeing her niece Lady Lavent,

vent, cannot be represented by the faint ideas of a friend, how warm forever they may be.

While they remained there, Capt. Woodward returned; but we shall not pretend to delineate in the least, and leave it to the minds of our readers to attempt the description of Lord and Lady Lavent, and Capt. Woodward; when in him was discovered the identical Mr. Lathem, who they met in the prison at Chalons.

Let us no longer weary the mind with dread and horror, in the thought of a prison.—Our Heroine never saw a prison 'till then; and in that unfriendly un hospitable retreat, met, for the first time, Mr. Horton, in the benevolent act of administering relief to distress and sickness.—Where could they

they meet, where virtue was more conspicuous in either.—A prison abridges not the powers of benevolence or charity, but gives room for every moral virtue to extend itself.

The confusion of Capt. Woodward was visible, and required an explanation. After Lady Anne, therefore, had presented her niece and Lord Lavent to him, he, in return, presented those amiable friends, who had empowered him to return to her, and what had so often recurred to him, when he related the story of the strong resemblance there appeared to him at the time he saw the present Lady Lavent and Lady R——.

Lady Anne and Capt. Woodward returned with them to the dowager's, and staid a few days there. Time had

almost effaced the romantic turn of Lady Anne's ideas.—In walking in the garden with Lady Lavent, she once observed on Capt. Woodward's being still lame.—It was occasioned by a fit of jealousy before they were married.

“ But men of violent passions,” said she, “ do not mind hazarding their lives in defence of the women they love.”

Lady Catherine R——— was exceedingly happy with her Lord, and had several children; but the retired life of the dowager, and the great distance from town, made them seldom meet.

The widow of the late Earl, from her father's death, had resided with
Lord

Lord Lyle, who was still living, at a very advanced age. Her grief had been so great for his loss, that she had never received any consolation since that fatal event happened, but secluded herself entirely from the world, at her father's seat in Staffordshire; from which place she had never been, since first she took up her abode there, when she was obliged to leave Waldeck Abbey, and resign it to the present possessor.

Lady Lavent could not help sighing at Lady Anne's account of the young dowager.—“ Ah!” said she, “ how many weeping eyes did that fatal moment cause—my father.—If sorrowing tears could recall the dead, still must you have been with us—my mother too had lived.”

“ Let

“Let us,” said Lady Anne, “drive from our remembrance scenes so painful, nor murmur at the dispensations of Providence.—You, my Mary Magdalen, are Lady Lavent, his daughter; in that event I am resigned.—We will join my still sorrowing mother; it is you only that has revived her drooping heart.”

They went to join the rest of the company, and Lord Lavent met, with smiles of joy, the lovely partner of his heart; while the old lady, in the tender epithet of “my child,” gently chid her for being absent a moment from her sight.

Such are the rewards of virtue—such the recompense for rectitude of conduct; when, after staying some time with the good grand-mother of
our

our fair ward, his Lordship, with his lovely companion, and Lady Veraille, returned to Waldeck Abbey, having almost obtained a promise that she would again visit that happy place, with Capt. Woodward and Lady Anne, in the following spring.—And happy is the Abbey of Waldeck. Our Heroine, the orphan of the amiable Magdalena, presides there as mistress; and happiness must attend the steps of virtue, beauty, and innocence.—They availed not to guard her from sorrow, regret, disappointment, and despair.—Yet a reward awaits the virtuous, and now she receives it, undisturbed and silent in a peaceful tomb.

C H A P. XV.

The remains of Magdalena, Countess de
Tourville, brought to England.

THERE is no such thing as perfect happiness on earth, which we have had occasion to observe in the former part of our history.—For notwithstanding the truly desirable situation of the Countess of Lavent, yet did she sigh in reflection on her mother;

ther; and not satisfied with fulfilling her will, wished to accomplish the intention of her wishes likewise.—She therefore expressed a desire to Lord Lavent, that her mother might be brought over to England, and interred in the family vault.

She had only to express her wishes to her Lord, and to have them fulfilled.—He immediately acquiesced; and having obtained leave of her grand-mother, the dowager, and that of the dowager Lady Jane Lavent, the consent of Lord Lyle. Capt. Woodward was to accompany Lady Veraille to Paris, and the Duke de L——— and M. Chamont were to get permission of the convent to have her removed. Capt. Woodward attended Lady Veraille back to France; and the Duke de L———, having obtained

obtained the grant, the corpse was put into a new outside coffin, covered with crimson velvet, with a silver plate, describing her rank and quality, and being brought to England, attended by Capt. Woodward, was deposited by the side of her lover, the late Earl of Lavent, in the family vault at Waldeck, Worcestershire. This act afforded much satisfaction to the Countess, her daughter, who stood at a window of the Abbey with great fortitude, and saw her pass to interment.

We will not suppose she did not pay the tribute due to her memory, of "sad reflecting tears;" for she shed them in abundance; and possibly more would have fell on the sad occasion, had not the solace, the comforter of all her cares and sorrows, stood by her at the time, and supported her in the trial.

trial.—His Lordship was the fortitude alone she could boast of.—His soothing anxiety, and tender solicitude, cheered her amidst the worst that could happen; and when he was near, every anxious thought subsided from her mind.—Happy wedlock, when hearts are so united.—Hymen rejoices in such acquisitions, and parades at a prospect which must create envy in the breast of the most abandoned and profligate.

The Countess of Lavent had wrote to Miss Hufsey the event, which she had once declared to her would only make her happy, her marriage with Mr. Horton; but she was mistaken in her assertion, and her happiness was not so circumscribed; for the Countess received an answer, with her intention of visiting her in England soon, not as
Miss

Miss Hufsey, but the lady of Louis Chamont; the purpose of that young gentleman's visit to Berne being on her account.

When Mary Magdalen was there, he spoke of her as an amiable and engaging young lady, notwithstanding her want of personal beauty; and therefore, on the loss of Miss de Tourville, he took the first opportunity to engage the lady next in his esteem.—The match was approved of by his father; and when the ceremony was past, they intended to visit England.

The Countess of Lavent rejoiced at the thought of seeing her companion, and her lord participating in her joy, as they had both reason to wish happiness to those two who had so partially distinguished them, by the tenderest

dereft of all paffions.—Where love has poffeffion of the heart, all the other faculties of fenfe are affected and guided by it.

We are now drawing towards the conclufion of our hiftory, which we fhall do by obferving, that on the return of Lady Veraille to France, being feparated from thofe fhe fo much efteemed, Lord and Lady Lavent, fhe retired from the world, and fhunned that gay fociety fhe was wont to covet with affiduity: All company but theirs was infipid and difagreeable; and in about three years after their marriage, paid them another vifit in England:— But being much afflicted at that time with the gout in her ftomach, returned to France, and prepared to die, which event took place in a few months after her return.

The

The whole of her fortune, which was very large, she left to Lady Magdalena Arnold (the eldest daughter of the Earl of Lavent) and Mary Magdalen, now only two years old, reserving a handsome legacy for the Countess and Earl, her parents, whom she made her guardians; as likewise, a large donation to the Abbey St. Germain, where she was buried. Her will expressed the donation to the daughter as an atonement due to her grand-mother, whose name she bore, and to whom she was herself an accessory in all her misfortunes, by denying her that protection she had a right to claim; and by the inattention to her youth and attractive charms, exposed her to the irresistible and persuasive eloquence of Lord Arnold, which brought on the subse-

quent evils attendant on her through life.

We will, however, say, the atonement and reparation cancelled the fault, if any; for Lady Veraille's wishes extended to Lord Arnold in a very different line from those which unfortunately took effect; and the depravity of man alone caused the error, though the aggressor was so truly amiable.

Thus are we ever blinded to good and evil; thus are our best intentions often productive of the worst misfortunes, and the worst of evils compensated with good.

In the happy event of our Heroine being now Countess of Lavent, let us rest contented, respecting the misfortunes

tunes of this amiable and worthy family; and if we want more consolation, it is only to take a review of the apparently happy, where we shall find, as equally among the affluent and noble, as the indigent and obscure, sufficient proofs, in every degree of life (from what our history has furnished) and what every æra will furnish, that there is no such thing as complete happiness, or absolute perfection, to be found in human nature.

C H A P. XVI.

THE CONCLUSION.

HOW mortified should I be, were it possible for me to be present, and see a female shut the book, and with a smile of satisfaction, declare her joy, and say, "I am glad I am come to the conclusion."—Beware, my fair companions, at too hasty a conclusion

in your 'own breast.—A very serious and severe moral is annexed to those sheets, applicable to all, but no further than the following simile will, I presume to apply it :

“ Oft have I view'd the flowers, while bright and gay,

“ They gave their beauties to the noon-tide ray.

“ But short, alas ! their bloom, and soon they fade,

“ Unblest with cooling show'rs, or friendly shade.

“ See the clouds blacken, heavy show'rs descend,

“ The weak soft race, o'erladen, droop and bend.

“ Recline their languid heads, and seem to mourn,

“ 'Till the storm cease, and sunny beams return.

“ Then smiling, rise, more lovely, bright, and fair,

“ And with new sweets, perfume the ambient air.

“ Thus to the soul affliction oft supplies

“ New life, and bids declining virtue rise,

“ The storm which seem'd a while to oppress, revives

“ Each fading grace, and strength and beauty gives.

“ Their

" Their drooping pow'rs, by Heav'n's kind influence, fed,

" A fairer bloom, and sweeter fragrance spread.

" Prest with affliction, let us then conclude,

" That storms and sunshine (kind vicissitude)

" Are mingled blessings meant to work our good."

}

EUDOCIA.



FINIS.

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